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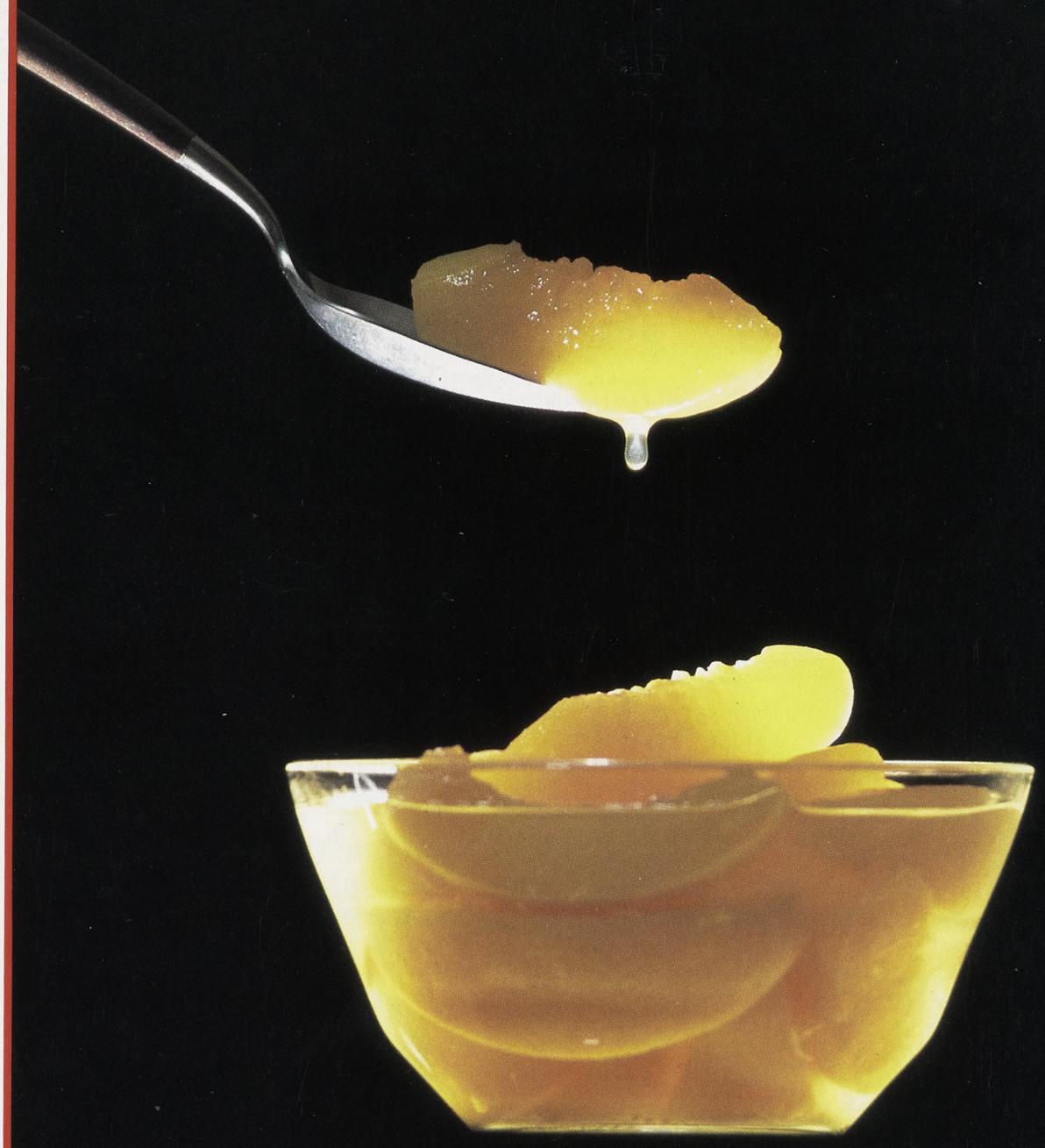
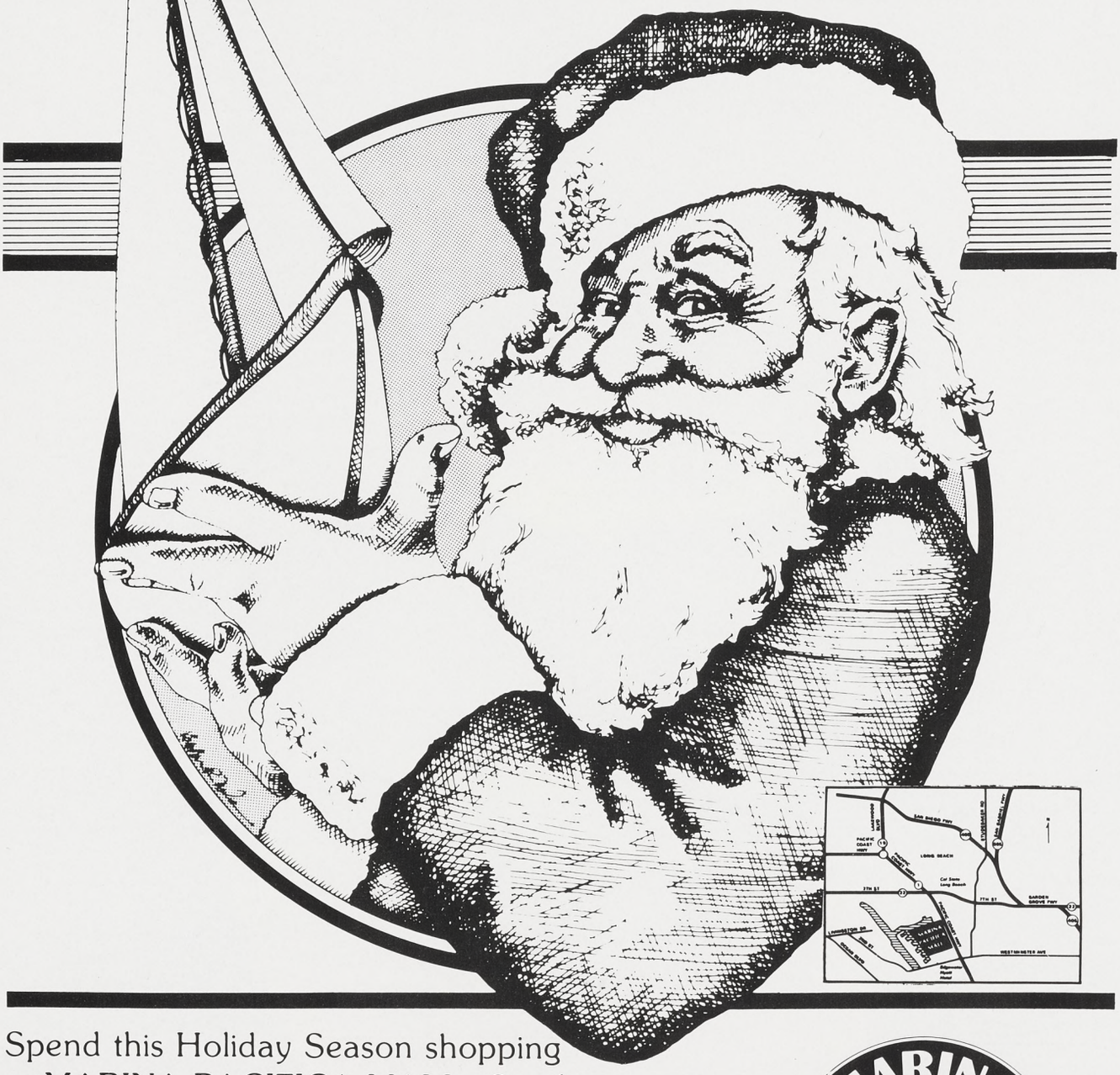


Is Everything Peachy in California? (see page 28)

CALIFORNIA CHRISTMAS



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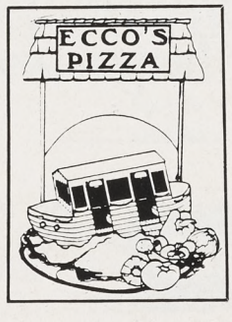

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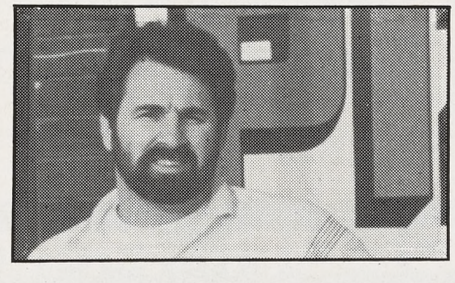

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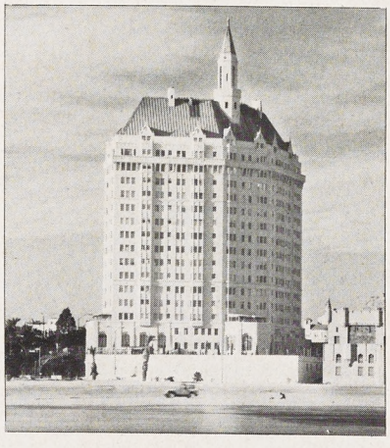

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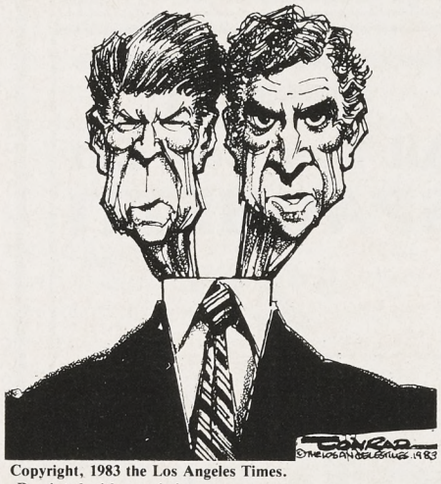

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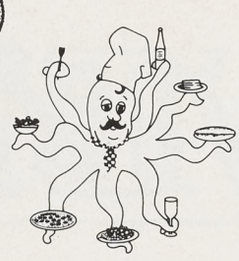

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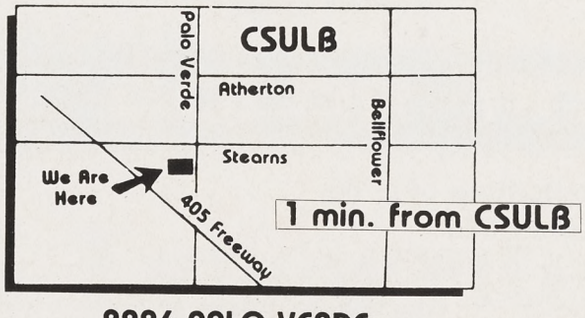

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EDITOR'S NOTE

The View From Here...and There

Peachy? Or the Pits?

It all depends on where you're standing when you're viewing the situation. Living in a time of computer invasions and military invasions, unemployment and missile deployment, it would be easy to say that things are not that well at all. But if there's still time to read this issue of *University Magazine*, then things can't be so bad. Maybe it's time to look at ourselves, at what's happened and what's happening.

This issue of *University Magazine* is about that *looking*, about perspective, about viewing things from their relative distances. In this issue, there is no overall theme, but each article assumes a point of view, a subjectivity, that may make you think about a past experience of your own, or prompt you to make a decision about your future.

The following is a summary of the views in this issue:

"Champions of the Wind" was the first submission we accepted, and likewise it leads-off the issue on page 8. Author Marilyn Horn and her friend, Lisa, pedal through the green and grey of Great Britain on a limited budget. With only their bikes and backpacks they explore the countryside of England and themselves.

Writer Susan Possner takes us through a different kind of exploration in her story on CSULB's Senior Citizen Education Program. At the age of 61, after graduating from Boston University some 35 years ago, she re-entered college to stimulate her mind and almost fell victim to culture shock. Her story is both touching and humorous, and proves there is education after 60.

"A nice painting is objective," says Paul Conrad in our feature interview. "An editorial cartoon *has* to be subjective." Conrad, editorial cartoonist for the Los Angeles *Times*, gives us his subjective opinions on our political past, present and future, as well as on himself in this interview by Jeff Grecny, starting on page 20. Grecny is a graduate student in comparative literature, and his profile of comedy pundit Hal Roach appeared in the Spring '83 issue of *University Magazine* (volume 5, number 1).

Higher education for all? Or just for the wealthy? California's state government put this question to the legislature. They debated, and then tabled it. In the meantime, college students are caught in a "California Crisis." Melissa Takade leads us through the mystery in her article, starting on page 28. She searched out the clues, then invited a panel to present their views. *University Magazine* received the cooperation of Governor George Deukmejian, U.S. Senators Alan Cranston (D) and Pete Wilson (R), University of California system President David Gardner, and CSULB President Stephen Horn.

Any '60s kid can recall the Beatles, dropping out, dropping acid, Kennedy, and Vietnam. The '80s youth are growing up with Boy George, computers, cocaine, El Salvador and Grenada. Denise Tarr reflects on her years as a love-child of the '60s and slips us a subtle challenge for the '80s in the process. "Strawberry Fields Forever?" begins on page 36.

If your money is controlling you instead of the other way around, then "Cash Panache" may be the guide you're looking for. From setting up your own personalized budget to diversified limited partnerships, writer Stephanie Lawrence takes you step by step through the process of balancing your budget.

This issue also features two photo essays. The first, " Seen From Long Beach Streets," focuses on the landmarks of Fortune's Harbor. And the second, "L.A.'s Street Scene," celebrates the cultural melting pot of Southern California.

Last, but not least, this issue includes fiction and poetry. Mark Barkawitz's "G.I." takes us through a timeless and timely struggle of a young man trying to step out on his own. And a poem by Heidi Ziowlkowski appears on page 35.

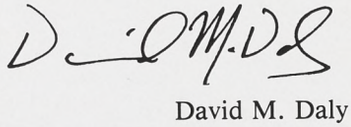
University Magazine has also taken a large step of its own. With this issue, we have expanded from 48 to 64 pages. This was a total staff effort. We not only had to sell enough advertising space to pay for our additions, but we also had to have more pages of quality writing, and put it all together in the same amount of time.

One of my first decisions as editor some six months ago was to ask Kean Corrigan to be the art director for this issue. It was one of my best decisions. Not only did he design the magazine, he sold advertising space to make 64 pages a reality. His "We're gonna do it!" attitude kept me going throughout the semester.

Mark Hodson is another one of those "we're-gonna-do-it" persons. Typesetting, production, and editorial advice are his vices. He was always there and he did it. Alton Davis came through in his forte--photography. His work speaks for itself in this issue.

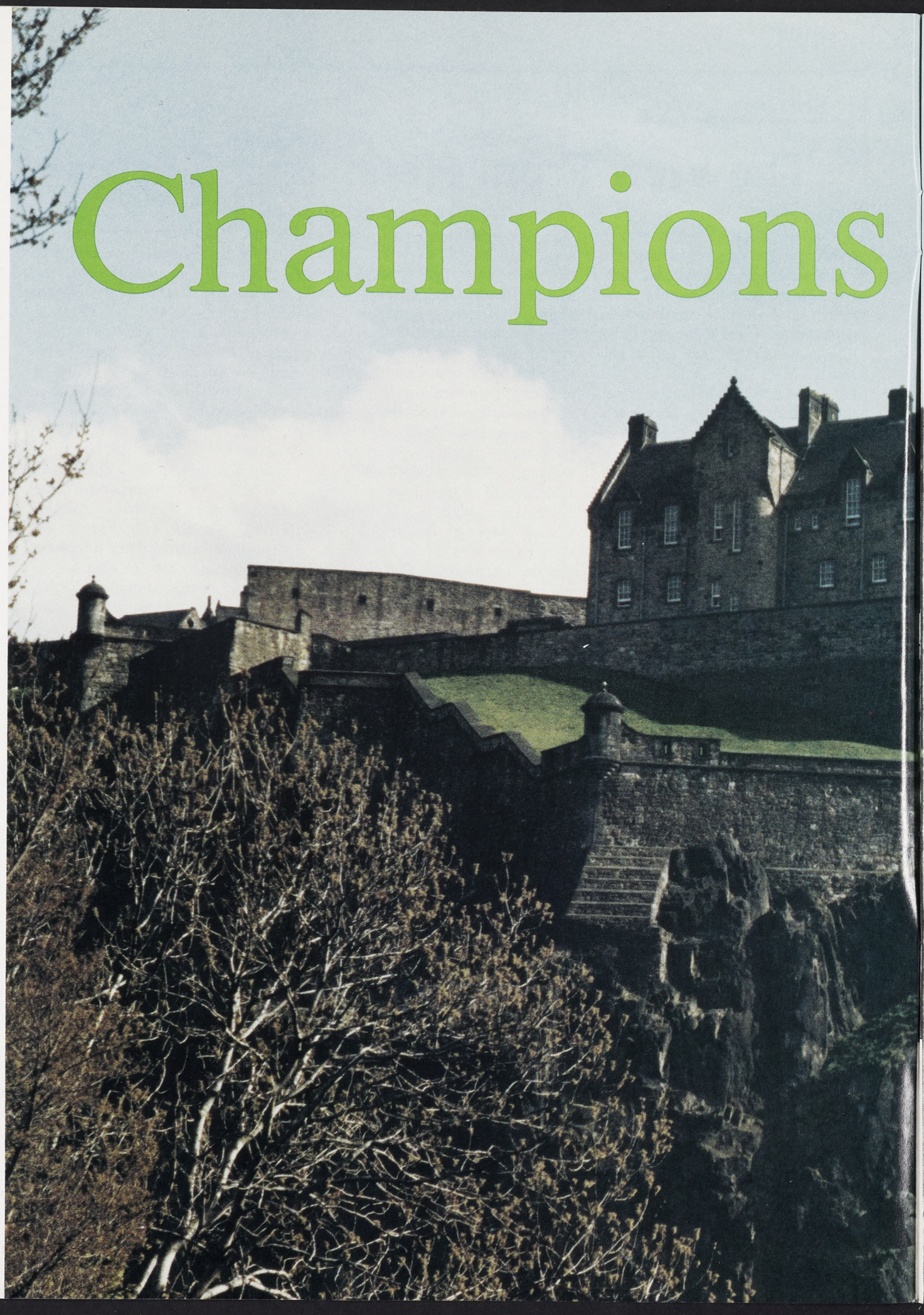
Take a good look at this magazine, read the words, and think about it. Video games and military build up (down?) will still be there. Decide for yourself. Peachy? Or not?

Enjoy the issue.



David M. Daly
Editor

Champions



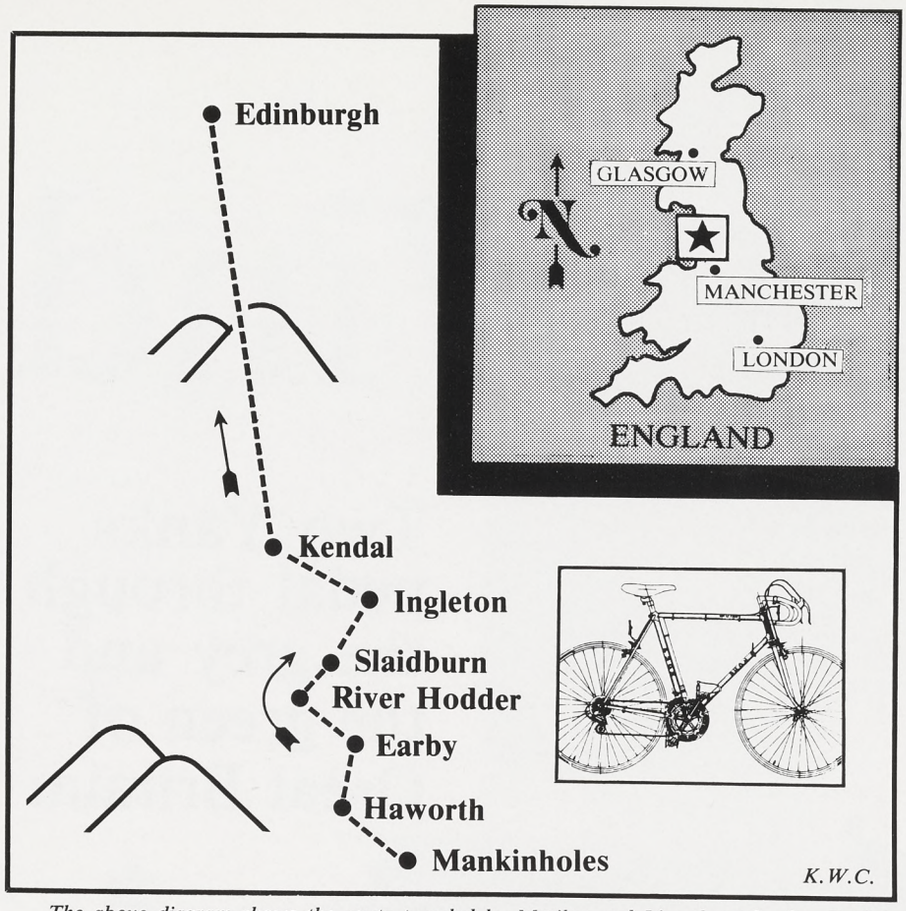
s of the Wind

Two Yanks pedal through the grey and the green of Great Britain.

By Marilyn Horn

On Easter morning, the sun didn't break through the clouds as we had hoped, but at least it didn't rain. Just gray drizzle accompanied Lisa and me as we sped on our bikes down the hill from Mankinholes Youth Hostel. We still had seven more days of bike riding in northern England before we returned to college in Wales, and we wanted to make the most of them. I thought I heard the dripping trees--blurs of green --whisper something as we whisked by, but it was only the wind rustling the leaves.

PHOTOGRAPH BY
LISA C. BLUMHAGEN



The above diagram shows the route traveled by Marilyn and Lisa through the English countryside. Their journey began at the Mankinholes Youth Hostel and ended 175 miles later at Edinburgh Castle.

We passed an old man and his wife on their way to church. With warm bright eyes and rosy wrinkled cheeks, they were typical of the elderly people we saw throughout Great Britain, in the pubs, in the grocer's and the butcher's with their plastic shopping bags, in the gray streets, in the country lanes, tending grandbabies, tending gardens. We stopped and asked if we could take their picture. This pleased them; they stood patiently, smiling, as we rummaged through our bike packs for our cameras and arranged our settings. We imagined them, after church, telling their neighbors about the two Yanks on loaded-down ten-speeds who photographed them.

We saddled up again and resumed our ride, and Lisa, who bicycles faster than I, soon became only a speck on the narrow road before me. I caught up with her at a medieval church as gray as the sky and as lonely as the green patchwork hills surrounding us. Wind, bitter and cold, clanged its dying bell. The graves in the churchyard were overgrown. Crooked tombstones bore names of children and parents, spinsters, returned sailors, rich men, poor men...all forgotten, all sleeping in the same unkempt graveyard.

"I met a boy once," Lisa said, "with coal-black hair and eyes, and skin so white it was--it was translucent. We went to a cemetery like this one and I took his picture. He sat on a tombstone and stared right at me and I shot a whole roll of film." She stopped but I knew she wasn't finished. "The similarity between life and death," she continued slowly, "I guess that's what I wanted to illustrate." We stayed only a few minutes longer, then we rode away.

After two hours of hard riding on winding hilly roads, we reached Haworth. We tried to run down as many pedestrians as we could, but they all dodged. So we gave up the sport and had lunch in a dark, rustic pub warmed by a fireplace. We sat with an English family who let us know by their highbrowed glances that our attire--old tennis shoes, baggy sweats, loud rain gear--was not appreciated. Lisa tried to make conversation; I just stared at the father's lunch and wondered how much higher his eyebrows would go if I grabbed a fistful of his scrambled eggs.

"They weren't very friendly," Lisa said as we unlocked our bikes.

"They were just jealous," I said, and we pedaled down the grimy streets toward the fields, the trees, the hills.

Five miles from Earby, the clouds scattered and a new wind--light and warm--pushed us onward. At sunset we reached the town, its gray and white stone buildings tinged with twilight purple. The hostel was hidden on a back street. We couldn't find it until an old man rushed out of his house (which we had passed three times), pointed and yelled, "Ye'll find the 'ostel up yonder." And we did.

The best thing about Earby Youth Hostel was the shower. It sprayed hot and hard, unlike the cold sprinkle of a typical hostel nozzle.

Eye-watering fumes engulfed us in the kitchen, where twelve gas burners blazed as our fellow hostelers prepared their evening meals. Dinner was excellent as usual--potatoes, bacon, onion and green pepper we fried together. After eating we went to our bedroom, lay down on our bunks and talked. We could hear exclamations of praise and scorn from the dart players in the pub across the street. Our roommates were two burly girls with muscular arms, thick necks and greasy hair. They were soft-spoken and friendly and hadn't showered in weeks. Almost as soon as they hit their cots they fell asleep.

Lisa and I talked a little about death and a lot about life. How good it would be to stay young inside all our lives! "That couple we saw this morning--they have the secret," Lisa said. "Find someone to love, live simply, then grow old. Resolve all bitterness, replace it with understanding and...and that's it. Marilyn, I think maybe that's it...." She fell asleep and soon I did

too. Simple answers to life are easily digested at night.

We headed for Slaidburn the next day. At lunchtime, we ate tart green apples and chunks of cheese at the roadside and talked to some sheep. A couple in a Datsun pulled up and asked directions to a farm we had never heard of and probably never would hear of again in our lives. I told them to ask the sheep, but the driver just looked at me as if I were daft.

Lisa hurriedly explained, "Don't mind her; she's from California."

"Ohhh," the driver said, nodding. I had the feeling I was the target of a universal joke. The sheep baa-ed in unison.

Like champions of the wind we rode into Slaidburn. Our first priority was to buy food for supper. As usual we bought simple fare: a bottle of fresh milk (with cream thickening on the top) and a can of Heinz beans at the grocer's, a loaf of the daily bread at the baker's, and a half-pound of ground beef at the butcher's.

Since hostels are closed from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m., we had two hours to wait until we could check in. To pass the time, we drank a half-pint of hard cider in a crowded, sweating pub where everyone noticed us but no one talked to us. It reminded me of the time my family and I ate in a small diner in Maine; we received the same treatment but somehow it was different--I guess because Maine belonged to me. Wherever I go in the states, it's still mine, but in England I was an observer, an outsider. We drank our cider and left.

On the banks of the Hodder River that flowed through town, in temporary sunshine, I watched my friend as she took pictures. Photography for her was an art; she searched for design and balance in everything--branches, clouds, puddles, rocks, human limbs--and strove to capture images, feelings, expressions that threatened to disappear before she could open the shutter.

She feared that we were useless to everyone, save ourselves, and that our artistic aims were purely selfish. Yes, I told her, it is true; we are self-centered. We polish and flaunt our creativity as if it were gold. But without Dylan Thomas' selfishness, or Andrew Wyeth's selfishness, look what we'd lack!

At 3:00 we walked uphill from the river bank back to the center of town. The War of the Roses was probably in full bloom when Slaidburn Hostel was built. The hostel warden, a thirtyish woman with thick brown hair and fresh, smooth skin, contrasted with the cold stone walls and brick floors of her domain.

Since Slaidburn is off the beaten path, her hostel was rarely full. Unlike crowded hostels, where each visitor did a chore in exchange for the inexpensive lodging fee, this hostel needed little maintenance. The warden told us to just clean up after ourselves. Happy about that, we unloaded our gear, picked out our beds in the long, well-lighted attic, then went downstairs to eat.

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Physical exertion, cider and sun make a girl sleep well. I went to bed right after supper. In the morning Lisa introduced me to two boys she had met in the common room after I went to sleep. They were bicyclists, too, aged twelve and thirteen. Very polite and mature, they charmed us to no end. Too bad they weren't ten years older, we agreed, watching them ride away.

The whole quiet town smelled like freshly cut grass. Cobblestone streets, brass door knockers, lace curtains, sleeping flowers seemed surreal in the heavy morning fog.

Outside the town, two men approached us as Lisa took pictures of an ancient, sturdy stone bridge. I thought they would tell us to get off their pasture, but they just waved and began hitting golfballs into the wide green field.

The greenness disappeared as we left Slaidburn, to be replaced by the burnt-straw colored moors. A stiff wind and a two-mile upgrade forced us off our bikes. No one else was on the road; this was a haunted place. We listened for Kathy's scream, "Heathcliff! Heathcliff!" Luckily it never came.

Talking was difficult but necessary. "Do you remember the scene from *Dawn of the Dead* where--"

"Let's not talk about it," Lisa interrupted me.

I saw her point and, after several minutes, tried again. "The only thing harder than walking up this hill is..." I scanned my memory. "...understanding men."

"Except," Lisa pointed out, "the animals one meets in bars whose motives are printed all over their faces."

The discussion that followed was lively, warm and cold by turns, and tinged with frustration. Men, we decided, are enigmas--unconscious of their mysteriousness, insensitive to our needs, unable to show affection and, all in all, quite wonderful and complete.

I told her of a boy back home who sucked my life's blood, my very soul, like a leech...and whom I missed very much. She said I was lucky to have him. The man she loved would not commit himself to her, under the pretense that they were too young for a serious relationship. This did not discourage Lisa; in fact, it only made her more determined to snare her unsuspecting rabbit.

The angels cried on our stained souls all the next day. We arrived in Kendal before the youth hostel opened, so we spent the cold afternoon in a warm cafe feasting on tea and oatcakes.

At the top of the hill, we saw green--glorious green. We rode onward, almost desperately, like two desert nomads spotting an oasis. At the first farmhouse we reached, we stopped so Lisa could use the toilet. I was mortified by such behavior. Lisa, who was from Mississippi and used to southern hospitality, was mortified at my mortification. "The South should have won the war," she said, as she always said when confronted with Northern mores.

By evening we reached Ingleton, just as it started to rain. Ingleton draws tourists because of its caves. Everyone in the hostel talked of caves, smelled of caves, looked as if they had just emerged from caves, but as to the location of the caves we never got a clue.

At dinner we sat with a group of Christian men from Bath, who told us about the glory of God and handed us wallet-sized pamphlets as they left the table. "Is this dessert?" I asked, but they, sensing my sarcasm, did not laugh. "No one has a sense of humor anymore," I said when we were alone. Lisa reminded me that religion is not funny and I had to agree.

In our younger days we had been devout born-again Christians, but were now disillusioned. She, because of the hypocricy and I, because 1) I was tired of justifying my every action; 2) guilt gave me a headache; and 3) I wanted to have fun. Lisa still prayed and hoped someone was listening; I was happily agnostic.

"Don't give up on God," Lisa begged me, and I thought that was just as catchy and meaningful as "Think Mink."

The angels cried on our stained souls all the next day. We arrived in Kendal before the youth hostel opened, so we spent the cold afternoon in a warm cafe feasting on tea and oatcakes. Our money was dwindling; we had 16 pounds left, enough to buy supper (2 pounds), one night's lodging (4 pounds), and two train tickets home (10 pounds). Tomorrow, we decided, we would have to go back to school.

Gloom sat heavy upon us most of the evening. In the hostel kitchen a couple steamed fresh vegetables and broiled steaks as we prepared our meager meal of Lipton's Cup-a-Noodles. I hadn't tasted a steak in months. When he thought we weren't looking, the man gingerly picked up the package of dehydrated mush, read the ingredients and wrinkled his nose in disgust. I have never felt so poor in my life. When I told Lisa what had happened she said, "That was a pooky thing for him to do." She tried, once, to explain what "pooky" meant, but I never quite understood. However, I felt she was right; the man was an incredible pook.

Another young man, with brilliant blue eyes, broad shoulders and an intriguing accent, was confused as how to prepare his canned spaghetti. Lisa went to his rescue before I could and became his heroine. As they gazed into each other's eyes, I consoled myself by thinking that if he didn't know how

to plop spaghetti into a pan and heat it up, he wasn't worth having anyway.

Left alone, I conversed with Ineke, a Danish girl who was headed for Scotland. She was doing fine, but her bike pack was too small and she couldn't afford to buy a new one. Lisa's bike pack was too big for her gear; I called her over and a deal was struck. In the morning, they switched packs. Since Lisa's was larger, Ineke gave her ten pounds (about $20), enough to cover lodging and a minimal amount of food for two extra days. In celebration, we decided to have one last fling; we would leave our bikes at the hostel and hitchhike to Edinburgh.

We had walked about a mile when we met two other hitchhikers in clothes scroungier than our own. The bearded one was a man, we thought, but the other one was indistinguishable. Observing the slow traffic, they told us we would reach Edinburgh no sooner than that night. We stuck out our thumbs and hoped for the best. A lorry stopped, we hopped in and never looked back. Inside, we asked the driver if it was us he had stopped for. "Oh, to be sure!" he replied. "I wouldna picked up those others if me life depended on it."

We listened to his Don Williams tape three times through. He dropped us off at a truck stop where we would have the best chance at getting another ride. Almost as soon as we lifted our hands, a beat-up Volkswagen bug screeched to a stop in the middle of the road. What luck! We ran to the car.

The driver, a Pakistani, was on his way to Perth. For more than an hour he tried to explain in butchered English why he needed to go there. Lisa finally told him it didn't matter to us one way or another. At one point he said in perfect English, "I am lost," and pulled over. When I realized the map he was reading was upside down, I suggested to Lisa that we find another ride. Before we shut the door in farewell, I turned his map right side up. After many

continued on page 57

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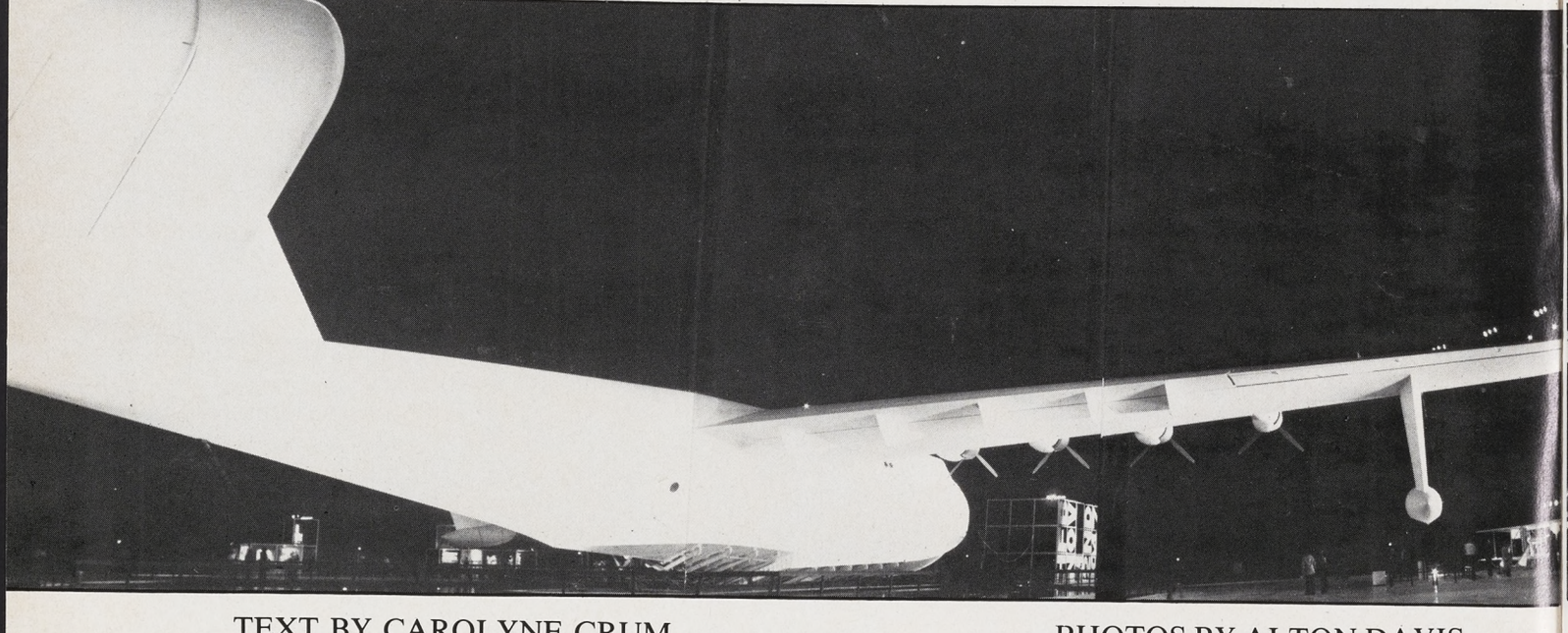
SEEN FROM LONG BEACH STREETS

In the twenties Long Beach was the place to be. On the weekends thousands flocked from the city to play on the beaches and enjoy the Pike and its famous rollercoaster on the sand. It was a place for the social elite, with D.H. Lawrence and the Scott Fitzgeralds stopping by to join in the fun. But then the Depression came, and Long Beach faded into oblivion as just another suburb of L.A.

But now the fifth largest city in California is on a "roll." While other American cities deteriorate and sag under economic problems, Long Beach has more than $2 billion of industrial, commercial, retail and recreational development under construction or on the drawing boards.

The Port of Long Beach leads this economic revival and the city's renaissance as the West Coast's largest shipper. A proposed $178 million World Trade Center will further position Long Beach as a major international business center.

Right, the famous Depression-era mural Recreation, *rescued and raised on Third Street. Below, Industrialist Howard Hughes' bigger-than-life gift to Long Beach.*



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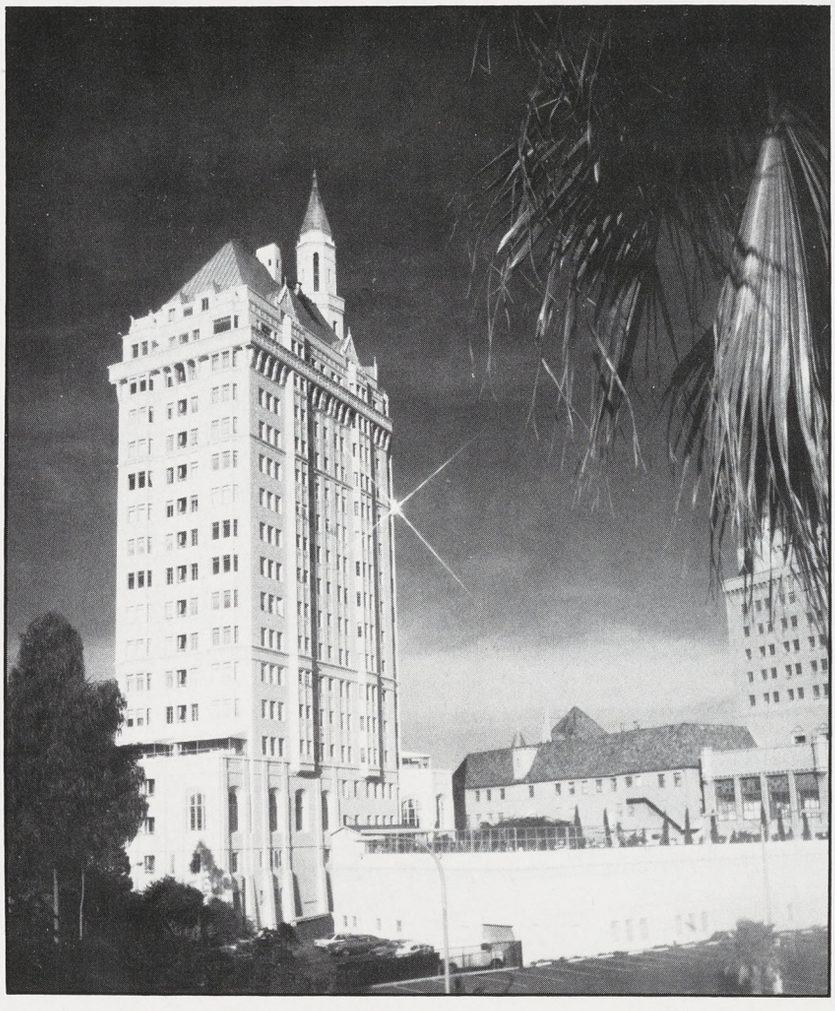
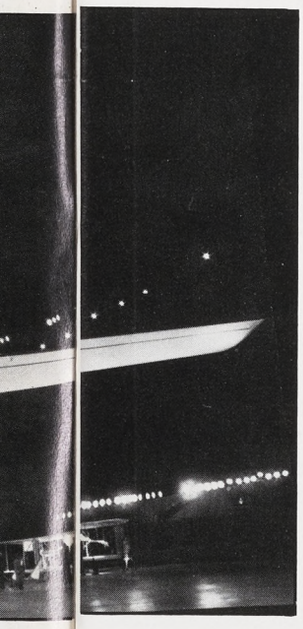




Above, the "Queen" and her new neighbor, the domed home of the "Goose". Left, the Gothic-Tudor splendor of the Villa Riviera, completed in the momentous year 1929.

Down at Pier J lies Long Beach's greatest claim to fame, the R.M.S. Queen Mary. Next to her sits the as famous and equally grand "Spruce Goose." These attractions bring over 2 million visitors to Long Beach each year. The Wrather Corporation, operators of these two "big" attractions, has under construction a billion-dollar expansion of Pier J which includes a 1,100 slip marina, office and commercial space, park and recreational facilities, plus a cruise ship terminal.

The skyline along Ocean Blvd. is a reminder of Long Beach's glorious past and its exciting future. Grand old luxury apartments like the Villa Riviera sit down the block from the ultra-modern ARCO Towers. The neon billboard at the Convention Center flashes Olympic events happening there next summer. And perhaps most remarkable of all, people are walking around in downtown Long Beach again.

What Brings a Sexagenarian Ex-librarian Back to the Books?

When I entered the Mother Lode Cafe the assault began--the assault on my nervous system, that is. The large room was jammed with students shouting above the pounding energy of a live rock band. I tried to spot a seat. No chance. I could still back out of this riot--try the food machines. No, that was cowardly. Besides, I was hungry.

Feeling like an extra-terrestrial come to earth, I maneuvered my way to the even more demented area of food service. Dazed, I finally found the eating utensils, trays and napkins. Then, pushing through a turnstile I wound my way past food booths with names like Spaghetti Grotto, The Grill, Pancakerie, Sweet Shop, Natural Way. Natural! That place would seem natural only to the Marquis de Sade! Whatever happened to good old cafeteria lines?

I pressed on doggedly from booth to booth, managing at last to accumulate a slice of pizza, a piece of banana bread and a cup of coffee. But where was the butter? And the cream? The howling music fragmented my concentration. Youth! Youth! Was no one here over 30? And what was a nice sexagenarian like me doing in a place like this anyway?

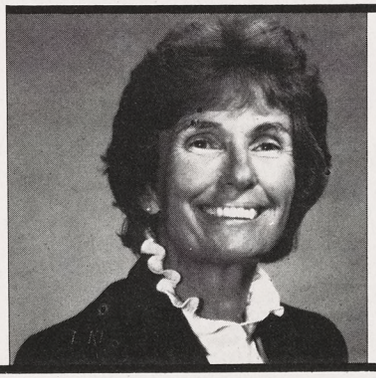
Desperately searching for a table, clutching my tray like a life preserver, I prayed for deliverance. Then I spotted an empty seat and struggled toward it.

"Is this seat taken?" I shouted at the table's occupant.

"No problem!" he shouted back, sliding his books aside.

Relieved, I sat down, put my book basket on the floor and began to eat my pizza, poor discouraged-looking thing that it was. Better to eat it than re-enter the combat zone for something else. I looked around the room. Such an interesting slice of life, I thought. The band roared on as I wondered about the possibility of sudden, premature deafness.

Well, I lived through that experience, just barely, and many more like it. I brought this on myself by registering for 12 units of credit at Cal State University, Long Beach. So what? Well, I'm 61, and graduated from college in 1948--that's 35 years ago and college life has changed since then. Or perhaps I'm the one that's changed--you know, the dimmer eye, the slower gait, the cooler head?



By Susan Possner

ILLUSTRATION BY BRIAN MOOSE

During those first difficult months, I often felt like a misfit, an oddity. There were only 140 of us folks 60 and over on a campus of about 30,000 students, which made me feel I was different, or to be more precise, something of a freak.

Why then did I go back to college at 61, since I already had a master's degree in Library Science? The truth was that after six months of easy living following my retirement, I found myself eager to try something new. I was through with the delights of tidying drawers and closets, writing letters, reading, lunching and basking. I was ready for action. Perhaps I had read one too many articles about the danger of letting one's mind go dormant after retiring, or worse yet, stagnant. My mind needed to be charged up with new ideas, trotted out for exercise. No mold on the medulla for me.

At times the edges of my identity seemed to melt, blur—a strangely sweet, sad disturbing experience like a serious case of spring fever.

The idea of attending CSULB, only a few blocks from my home, appealed to me. Because I was over 60, I was eligible for the Senior Citizen Education Program and thus would have no fees to pay. Moreover, I would have the delicious pleasure of studying only what interested me, rather than what would prepare me for the job market. It was an opportunity too good to miss. Or so I thought.

As a kid, I had always loved that first day of school and now, once more, I found myself anticipating it. Alas! All similarities to earlier happy beginnings vanished when I walked into my first classroom. All the seats were taken. Students lined the walls and sat on the floor. I prayed no one would give me a seat, and no one did.

As an officially designated Senior Student, I would have to wait to see if enough students dropped the class to make room for me. I could not take the place of a paying student unless I, too, wanted to pay for that class. I was concerned that perhaps the students who were trying to get into the class did not know that.

By the end of that first day I was feeling out of place, foolish and frustrated: out of place because everyone was so incredibly young; foolish because, just maybe, I was a silly woman who wouldn't accept her age; and frustrated because, with all my education and experience, I found myself bumbling through one fiasco after another, just like any confused freshman. Hadn't I learned anything in all those years? Apparently I had not.

Some of my most embarrassing bumbles occurred while going through registration procedures which were strange, automated and intricate. Yet I suffered through it stoically; time had taught me the need for rules and the inevitability of endless lines. My problem was that I went about registration all wrong. I overbooked myself, thinking that I would visit classes and select the best of the lot or the ones that had room for me. Ah, that it were so simple, or that I had known how to make it all happen! What I needed were three alternate game plans and a coach. At times what I needed was a keeper.

Since I wasn't sure what I was doing there, I didn't want to involve some busy counselor with my confusions. So I resorted to learning by doing--and doing it wrong.

But much more difficult than those registration hassles and class changes was the emotional strain that went with my new identity--or lack of it. Walking across the lovely, tree-dappled campus, alive with vigorous, attractive young people, I was swept by feelings I remember experiencing at eighteen or so when life was often too beautiful to bear--green and growing feelings with no fence or garden pest or hoe to restrain them. The campus evoked strong memories of who I was before becoming a wife, mother, and librarian. At times the edges of my identity seemed to melt, blur--a strangely sweet, sad, disturbing experience like a serious case of spring fever.

Between deja-vus, program resettlings, and feelings of despair that my brain was indeed dormant, I grew more anxious and confused. This inner chaos propelled me from one bad situation to the next--nothing life-threatening, but totally demoralizing, nonetheless. For example, I misplaced my car. No wonder I couldn't find my little brown Honda that cold, rainy afternoon as I wandered around and around the parking lot, arms loaded with books. It was in an adjacent lot, one where I needed a special sticker to park, and I was lucky I didn't get the $18 fine for parking it there.

Then there was the "wayward bus" episode. I got on the bus--again it was a windy, rainy day--only to realize a few minutes later that I was headed for the Orange County hinterlands via the freeway, when all I needed was to ride six blocks to my street--on the right bus.

I leapt to my feet, and plunged to the front of the bus where I whined, begged and pleaded to be let off right there, that instant. The bus driver slammed on the brakes and flung open the door in the middle of an interchange leading to a freeway. Embarrassed, I alighted and trudged home along transition roads meant for

speeding cars, not weary pedestrians. What an inglorious way to die, I thought morosely as I did my best to stay off the road and plod through the high, wet weeds alongside.

On campus I fared even worse. It was I, not aerobics, that kept the students fit as they politely picked up my dropped papers, scarves, shoes and so forth, and chased after me to return them. There seemed to be no end to my problem-making. I do admit to putting incorrect numbers on my computer-registration sheets. I confess that my half-slip did fall down around my ankles as I hurried across campus, and that I did scoop it up and I did drop it in my book basket. It is true that I set off the library book-stealing alarm, causing me to sympathize with bank-bandit grandmothers. And it is also true that one young lady kindly asked me one noontime on the bench we shared if I knew I had yogurt on my nose. I did not know it, but I was hardly surprised. I had tried to drink the yogurt because there were no spoons by the food machines. (Later I was shown how to make do by eating yogurt with two straws used somewhat like chopsticks.) Those are only a few of the incidents that made those first weeks special.

Through all this I felt like I was suffering from a combination of jet lag, culture shock, and identity crisis--so persistently that at times I couldn't remember that once I was considered competent and of use in the world. Of course I didn't tell anyone how I felt. On the contrary, I let everyone think I was having a great time, loving every minute of my new life.

Later I learned that I was not unique. Another Senior Student told me how she felt when she first returned to college. She said, "Well, I was scared to death, of course, but I wouldn't for the world have let anyone know it." Growing pains after 60 are preferable to arthritis, but in their own way they hurt a lot, too.

My anxiety affected my work in class. The teachers I had so carefully selected were the best, so I can't and don't blame them. But I seldom spoke because when I did, what came out of my mouth did not seem connected to what was in my mind. I used to be able to think fast on my feet, but no more. I couldn't even write well slowly, sitting down. Nothing seemed to work the way it used to.

Disaster came when I had to give an oral critique of a short story. I should have felt confident after all the experience I had had as a librarian with books and stories. Instead I felt strange, out of place. I assumed the students viewed me that way, too. What were they expecting from me, I wondered? Were they comparing me to their mothers? Did they resent me? Or did they feel sorry for me? With this heavy load of troubles, I took my place in front of the class. I had a scared feeling in the pit of my stomach, and my mind felt as nimble as a rheumatic walrus.

At first I was nervous, but soon gained confidence. I even grew dogmatic as I got to my main point. The story, "Girls In Their Summer Dresses," by Irwin Shaw, concerned a young married couple who were quarreling because the husband liked to look at other women while with his wife. Now to me that seemed pretty normal, pretty much how men are, young or old, so why consider it a tragedy? Nothing to break up a marriage. Since the story had been written in the 1930's, I suspected that it was old-fashioned for these times. Surely the rest of the class would agree with my main point that this story, although well crafted, lacked substance. In a word, it was trivial.

"Trivial!" exploded the professor from the back of the room. "If this story is trivial, I'd like to know what you consider significant!"

"Trivial!" echoed the students rolling their eyes to the ceiling and looking at one another in shocked disbelief. Murmurs of displeasure rolled across the room like thunder. They thought the marriage was breaking up; I thought the marriage was going through one of the hundreds of rough spots that the couple would experience in their lives together.

I clumsily tried to defend my position, wishing I had joined the local garden club instead of coming back to college. I felt outnumbered, outgunned, outsmarted. I no longer cared about this story, trivial or not, or arguing about it. I just wanted to go back to my seat and forget about the whole thing. But apparently I had profaned a sacred cow--young love--and the class was not about to let me off lightly.

... my miseries were common with older returning students, and fortunately were always temporary. "After the first three months, you'll find you're better than ever."

After that episode I felt discouraged, seriously doubting my ability to interact with others whose histories had been so different from my own. Why had I ever thought I could? And if I wanted to try, why hadn't I done a better job of it?

During the next class sessions, I managed to make other comments that I thought created more distance between me and the group. I decided to permanently zip my lip, and retreat into lofty silence. Let them suffer the

loss of my wisdom, immature know-it-alls that they were. I might even drop that class. Drop all my classes. Who needs to go back to college when there's so many better things to do with one's time?

Then about a month into the semester when I was feeling at my worst, I attended a tea one beautiful Sunday afternoon in the garden of President Stephen Horn. While chatting with a middle-aged female professor of Social Service, who seemed unusually receptive, I shared my concern about my slow learning and inability to take part in class discussions. She assured me my miseries were common with older returning students, and fortunately were always temporary. "After the first three months, you'll find you're better than ever. It's devastating, but you'll soon find your age and experience will become a real advantage. Then you'll begin to enjoy yourself." I wanted to believe her, but I wondered.

Drama, gerontology, jewelry-making, music, business—the whole gamut of courses—are pursued by the Seniors, who come from many different backgrounds . . .

As my school work piled up, my anxiety diminished; one can only worry about so much at one time. As for that writing class where I had been sulking in splendid isolation, I slowly learned to see what was going on and I began to communicate more normally. When I finally felt in tune with the group, that course became more fun than any I had ever taken in my life. My grades improved, and finally, I felt as though I belonged.

After all, I knew where the restrooms were, and the location of most of the phone booths, food machines, copying machines, change machines, and how to run them all, and even where I could buy hot popcorn, or lunch by the pool. I grew more alert when crossing sidewalks between classes, avoiding the hourly surge of students on their inter-class stampede. I also found less traveled trails to my classes, avoiding the problem altogether. There were no more episodes of wrong-bus-catching or scatter-brained car-losing.

Eventually I discovered more subdued eating spots in place of the frenetic Mother Lode Cafe, though I did go back there often enough to master the building of a $1.25 salad that anyone would have to concede was sensational. I became a student after all.

I felt even more a part of the University when President Horn gave an informal talk before the campus Senior Citizen Club. He told us that he had started the now six-year-old Senior Citizen Program after he watched the mental deterioration of his very accomplished mother following her retirement. He said that the cost of the program is so minimal compared to the taxpayers' cost of providing mental health services that the program should be, if anything, expanded. He felt that not only do the Seniors benefit, but in many cases they give as much--or more--than they receive.

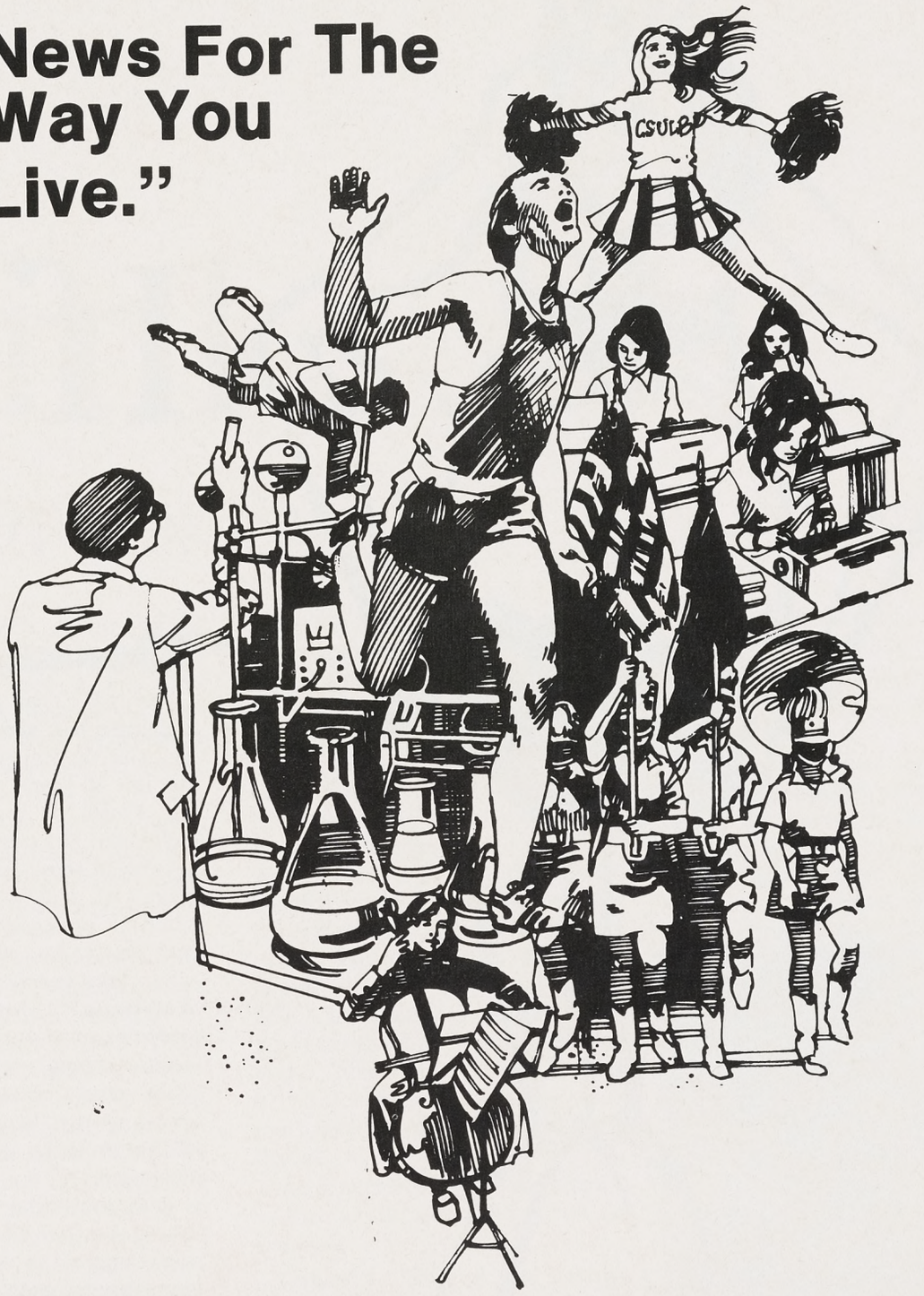
And a young friend told me that the kids enjoy having older people in class with them because most of the time the Seniors are so mellow--not nervous wrecks like the younger students. (Little did she know what a nervous wreck I had been those first weeks when I came back to college.) "They show us there's a lot more to life than grades," she said.

It's true that I'm not so concerned about grades, although I am pleased that mine are as good as those I earned as a young student. They do give one something to shoot for. But from now on, I am going to do what so many Senior students do--take some of my classes just for enjoyment and not write the papers or take the tests. That way I can take more courses at once and not be overburdened. I've already branched out from my original writing courses to classes in comparative literature, journalism, sociology, yoga and folk dancing.

Other over 60 students on campus study a wide range of subjects from Chinese to physical education. One 76-year-old woman I met is very happy with her drawing classes. A 68-year-old man is working hard towards an advanced degree in secondary education. When I asked a 70-year-old man what he was studying, he surprised me by saying he is working towards a degree in physical education and says his studies keep him and his whole family healthier. A particularly lively male Senior Student I know is presently taking golf, tennis and disco. Yet another man, age 77, and a great favorite in the English Department, is developing his writing skills. Drama, gerontology, jewelry-making, music, business--the whole gamut of courses--are pursued by the Seniors, who come from many different backgrounds, with a startling variety of interests, talents, and goals. Some even go back to work in exciting new jobs.

It's been a big experience for me--one that I recommend to all those who want their batteries recharged and their zest in daily living revived. Learning need never stop. And at last I know what a nice sexagenarian like me is doing in a place like this; I'm doing just great!

"News For The Way You Live."



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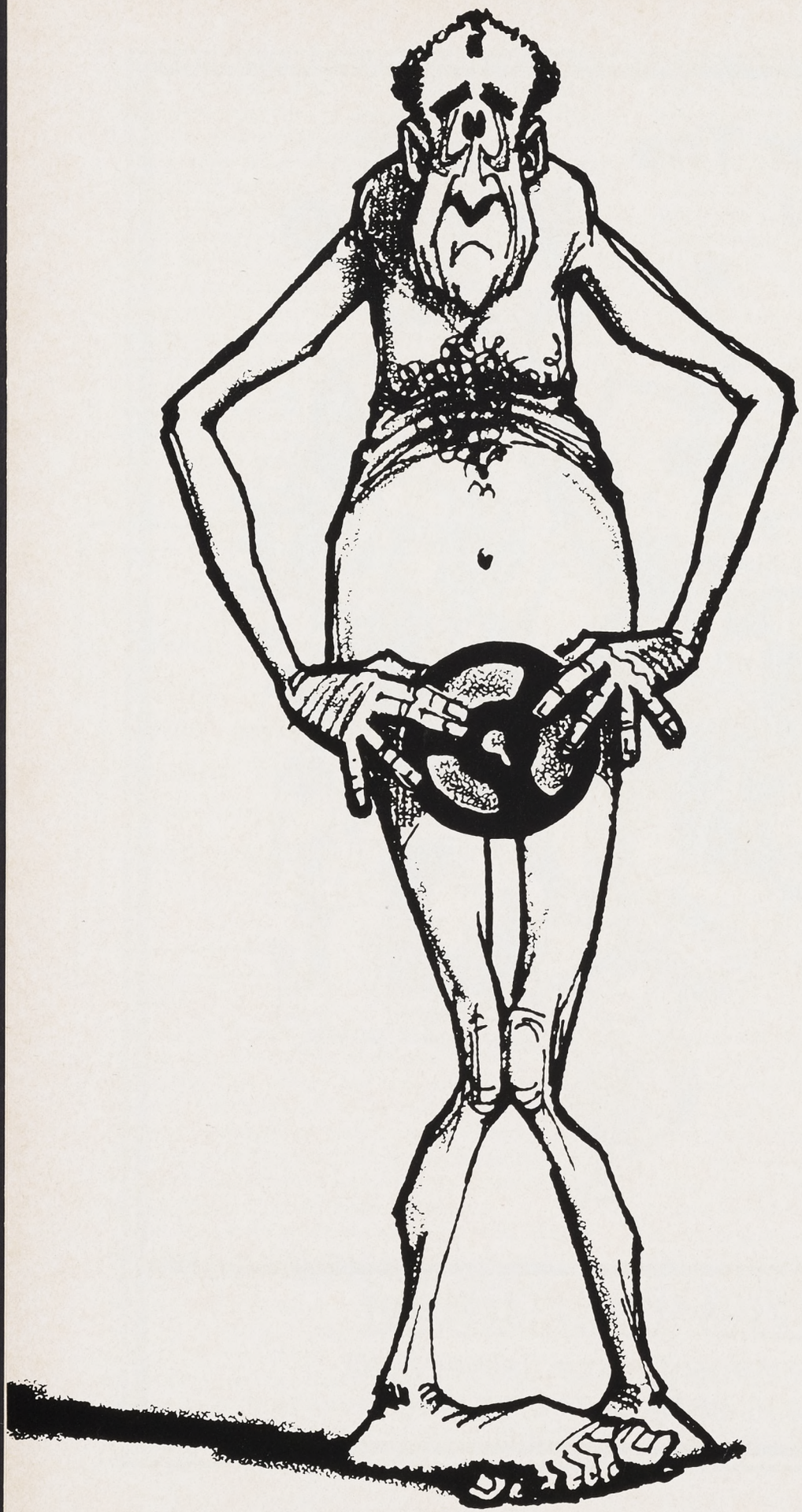

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If It S

An Interview W

CONRAD

Conrad. That heavy black-ink signature has graced the editorial pages of the Los Angeles *Times* for the last 20 years, striking fear into the hearts of many a pompous politician. His specialty is deflating those who abuse power, jabbing and poking his artist's pen at any whose political pretensions threaten life and liberty. And yet for those of us who take pride in our "All-American" cynicism toward government and its institutions, he inspires hope, sometimes anger, while always making us think. He shows us that honest criticism can be an excellent way of honoring one's country.

During his tenure as an editorial cartoonist, Paul Conrad has become something of an American institution. He graduated from the University of Iowa in 1950 with a degree in Art and promptly began cartooning for the Denver *Post*, where he spent his first 12 years. In 1964, Conrad packed his ink, brushes, pens and paper and moved on to the Los Angeles *Times*. Today, his cartoons appear on its Opinion page six times a week, as well as the pages of over 200 other papers across the country

t Stinks, Stir It

w With Paul Conrad

By Jeff Grecny

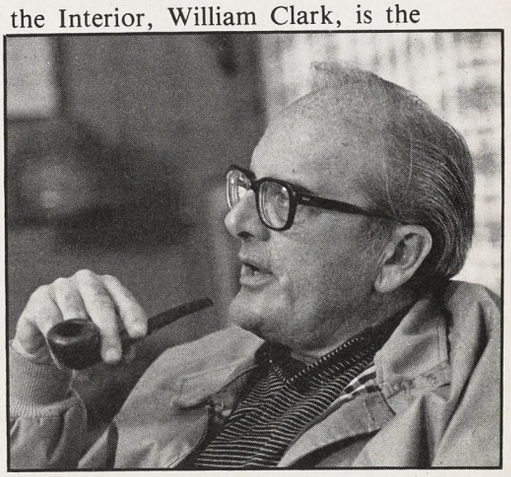
through syndication. As for honors, he has won many, including two Pulitzer Prizes and a place on Richard Nixon's Enemies List. But Conrad doesn't draw his cartoons for those in power, but rather for you and me. After all, if any Democracy is to work, public awareness of important issues and individuals is crucial; Conrad's cartoons just make that scrutiny a little easier.

For those of you unfamiliar with Conrad's work, try this: Prepare a simple breakfast consisting of cereal, coffee and Conrad. Think about it. At that time of the morning when most of us are still wiping the sleep from our eyes, words can be a bit hard to digest, especially opinions and things that need to be thought about. But to wake up to an opinion, deftly expressed, not in words, but in pictures is a pleasure, even a luxury. There are some mornings when he will make you smile, even laugh; at other times he will make you angry--if not at him, then at what is going on in the world. Still, he will always give you a thought for the day.

For those of you familiar with Conrad's work, you might have wondered about the man, his character, and what his opinions may be outside of his allotted space. He is a thin man, tall, fiftyish, a man who heartily enjoys his work. A pair of black-rimmed glasses govern his face, slipping slightly as he smokes his straight briar pipe. Look into his eyes and you can see the wheels turning: there is humor there, and a satiric disposition blended with *dead* seriousness-- the same blend that appears in his cartoons. When speaking he often pauses, thinking as he relights his pipe, then continues. When speaking about issues and individuals that make him angry, his speech becomes terse, to the point--again, much like his cartoons. Surprisingly though, we found him to be warm, even congenial--surprising because of the vitriol that often spices his cartoons.

Conrad's subjects are world events, which have a way of changing from day to day. We were party to an example during our first interview with Conrad. As we entered his L.A. *Times* office, Conrad sat peering at an *AP* printout. Before any introductions were made, he turned to us and said: "I just got this in, about Watt--his latest statement. Says he's being advised on the leasing of coal mines by a commission with every kind of mixture. 'I have a black. I have a woman, two Jews and a cripple.'...Shit! How do you top that?!"

Three weeks later James Watt resigned from public office. Day-to-day events indeed! In fact, Conrad gave him a nice farewell. It is also interesting to note that James Watt's replacement as Secretary of the Interior, William Clark, is the only other person in the Reagan Administration we heard Conrad criticize. Then there was the defense budget that carried monies for *nerve gas*, besides funding other, more conventional weapons. The nerve gas was eventually canned by Congress. We were lucky that time.



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During the two days of conversation we had with Paul Conrad at the L.A. *Times*, and later at his home in Palos Verdes, we discovered that his point of view is really quite simple: If something is life threatening, criticize it; if something threatens the rights of the individual--again, criticize it. Hubris, hypocrisy, and greed all fall into these areas, thus meriting the slash of Conrad's pen.

He is a watchdog, perhaps even a muckraker, but he does care. So, here is Conrad on Conrad, the world, its leaders, and their foibles and fantasies.

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE: Do you consider yourself a muckraker?

PAUL CONRAD: Sure!! I'm not one of those who says, "If it stinks, don't stir it." No way! I'm always asking questions, trying to find out who's doing what, where.

U-M: What is it then that makes an editorial cartoonist good, his art or his politics?

CONRAD: I'd say neither. The two you mentioned are kind of incidental. I think it's background and understanding the current issue, whatever the hell it is. It's always remarkable to me how often the issues come back again and again--what happened last time, how it was handled....I've been doing this job for 30 years, and boy I got a hell-of-a-lotta background. That's what's marvelous. I don't believe enough of the new cartoonists have that. You always have to know what happened before, what the situation was then, in order to know what it is now.

U-M: You started cartooning immediately after WW II, when the world was just beginning to remake itself. That puts you in a very enviable position to look back.

CONRAD: In fact, Harry was still President.

U-M: Yes... that's right--and I recall seeing a cartoon you did at Truman's death. "Death Defeats Truman" it said, referring back to the "Dewey Defeats Truman" headline. Good stuff. Yes, Truman was a different kind of communicator than we have now....

CONRAD: You bet! He was a Populist. I remember this marvelous thing about Truman wanting to punch out the Music Editor of the New York *Times*--maaarvelous! Now Harry's daughter couldn't sing all that well. Nevertheless, when the President of the United States comes out with "I'd like to punch that bastard right in the mouth!"...marvelous. My kind of guy. A real Populist.

U-M: Is it an editorial cartoonist's job to be consistently critical?

CONRAD: I believe so. It is very hard to be positive. In fact, I'm not sure that positive editorial cartoons say one damn thing. I see many editorial cartoons today, but I don't see the same in-depth cartooning done. Now I'm not saying you have to tell a big story, but at least you can dramatize what you say, and there's always room for humor. When I can, I use humor; when that's impossible, I simply have to make a statement. That's the route I like to go. As for being positive, I think the only positive cartoons I do are the obit ones, because that's the nice time. Such as the one you mentioned about Truman. That kind of wrapped up where Harry was at.

U-M: Let's talk about those early years. You began your career at the Denver *Post*. What do you remember most about those days in Denver?

CONRAD: Well, the *Post* was much like the L.A. *Times* is today--a paper getting better, more coverage, more news. When I started the kids were young, eager, single, like myself. I met Kay, my wife, there. In fact, my roommate married Kay's roommate. God, we had an absolute ball!! The kids were all good journalists, too. And Palmer White (then Editor of the Denver *Post*) always encouraged us to do our own thing. He just hired us and let us go.

U-M: What about the editorial stance of the Denver *Post*? Did it match your own particular views?

CONRAD: Not really. Oh, we had a few fights, though I can't recall what the brawls were about. I went through five editors there, and it's not that I didn't have freedom, I did, though not to the extent I

thought I should.

U-M: You moved to the L.A. *Times* in 1964, didn't you?

CONRAD: Yeah. Well, the *Post* had kind of leveled off by then when Otis called (Otis Chandler, Publisher of the Los Angeles *Times*). In fact, it was Nick Williams (then Editorial Page Editor) who called. Somehow he talked me into coming out and looking around. So I got to L.A. and talked to Otis who said not to make any decisions until I'd looked through about, oh, three or four weeks of the editorial pages. Well I did and I told him, "Hey man, I'll be back!" What I saw here was an outfit really trying to get out of the pockets of the Right and make a newspaper. I figured this was the growing spot, no doubt about that. So when I got off the plane in Denver, I told Kay, "Hey, we're goin' to California."

U-M: Didn't the Denver *Post* still have a hold on you?

CONRAD: Not any more. Things had changed. You could just feel it, the enthusiasm wasn't there. You could just see us leveling off. Well you don't level off--you either go up or go down. That's all there is to it.

U-M: And yet the year you left, you won the Pulitzer Prize.

CONRAD: I know it--Geesh, I felt so bad about that. It was the only prize the *Post* had ever won, and here I was heading out West.

You know, the first paper you work for is kinda like your first girl, and I was there long enough that it became a love affair. I never quite got over that...it's always there... remembering the fun things that happened.

U-M: How do you feel about the L.A. *Times* today?

CONRAD: I think they're doing a damn good job. I know we sometimes get beat on news stories, and with that staff in Washington, I can't understand it. It just galls me!

U-M: Beat in what way?

CONRAD: On news stories, nationally, out of Washington. Christ, we've got around 28 reporters there, and with that coverage there should be no excuses for getting beat on anything. I'm very insistent on that. We get it first, we get it right. Now our foreign coverage, I think, is marvelous. But our local coverage leaves much to be desired. Now what you do about that, I just don't know. We miss a few stories here and there which is a shame, nevertheless....

U-M: Do you see yourself as a newspaperman?

CONRAD: Sure.

U-M: Or as an artist?

CONRAD: Newsman.

U-M: Is there any difference at all, in your mind, between your work and theirs?

CONRAD: I don't believe so. No. I don't think you can separate the two, editorial writing and editorial cartooning. It's the same thing--stating an opinion. Of course, the writers have more opportunity to say things, use quotes, and support or refute them. I don't have that luxury, which is too bad.

U-M: After being with the L.A. *Times* for a while, you moved from the Editorial page to the Opinion page. How do you feel about that move?

CONRAD: I thought it was a damn good move!

U-M: Tell me the story.

CONRAD: Well, there was some question, as they say, who spoke for the *Times*, me or the editorials. So they began to run in agate type what I call "the Reagan Disclaimer," because he's one guy that raised hell. He didn't like those "Reaganhood" cartoons at all! Anyway, he kept calling and all this nonsense, making kind of an ass of himself, 'til Otis refused to take his calls. But then he had Nancy call and Otis had to do the same with her. Anyway, we ran the disclaimer, which said something like, "Our opinions are stated only in the columns below and not elsewhere." They worded it so there was no doubt that they were referring to my cartoon.

U-M: Do you find you have more freedom on the Opinion page?

CONRAD: Well, yes. Now there's no argument with editors or

Reagan Hood — He takes from the poor and gives to the rich!

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whomever as to whether or not, well, "God, the *Times* wouldn't say a thing like that!" So now there's no sweat. I can say what I want.

U-M: What is the most frustrating aspect of your job?

CONRAD: The only frustrating thing is not being able to find the idea--whatever the hell the issue is--to convey the message. So you sit there and work, or read, until you do. That's the essence of this thing. After I've gone through and read all the information, I know exactly what it is I want to say. It's just like trying to find a lead on a story, trying to find the way to say exactly what you feel, what you're thinking is, you're reasoning. Once all that is in, you just synthesize, that's all--just drop all the extraneous matter and draw. And it has to be, the image, as simple as possible.

U-M: Does the cartoon come rather quickly once you've got to the heart of the matter?

CONRAD: Oh yes. If it takes over an hour and a half, forget it. I mean, then you've overdrawn the damn thing. But, it's just, if I could type I hope I would be writing, but I can't type, so I draw. Whereas the editorial writers can't draw, so they write.

U-M: Do you find that because it is a picture, a cartoon, that it becomes one-dimensional?

CONRAD: What do you mean one-dimensional?

U-M: That the cartoon is subjective and presses one point of view.

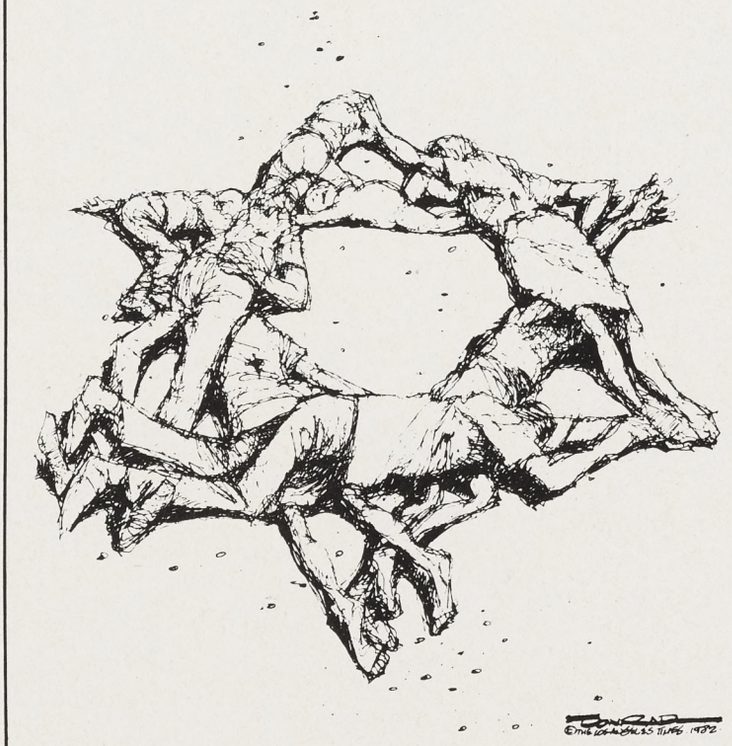
CONRAD: Oh sure. But there are all kinds of dimensions. And they *are* subjective, no question about that, but I think necessarily so.

U-M: Why is that?

CONRAD: A nice painting is objective. An editorial cartoon *has* to be subjective. I set out each day to point out my point of view on a specific issue.

U-M: Do you ever have a John Q. Public in Mind?

CONRAD: No. I really don't because you can't. Nor do I have editors in mind. I'm syndicated in around 200 papers--I'm not sure of the count--and I don't worry about them either. It's me. I've got to draw for me. But I also have to make certain that I am communicating to the public.



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U-M: OK, here's a straight textbook question. What exactly is the role of an editorial cartoonist?

CONRAD: Simply, to inform the public, the reading public--that is, those who still read--and to state an editorial opinion. Many times it is not all that possible. Today, when people don't read, you've got a problem, because when something did occur and they haven't read about it, then they just don't have the faintest idea what I'm talking about.

U-M: Are you trying to spark the reader's interest or are you simply making a statement of your own?

CONRAD: My own, and also encouraging them to go out and do some reading to fill in the blanks.

U-M: Have you ever drawn a cartoon which, in retrospect, you wish you would have pulled?

CONRAD: Hmm...do you remember the cartoon I did after the Beirut Massacre? Menachem Begin was stonewalling on what happened there and we just couldn't get shit out of the man. Well, I did a cartoon showing Nixon on the phone; he's whispering, encouraging Menachem on stonewalling, adding: "You should have burned the bodies." I don't think that should have run. But it seemed to me that Nixon's stonewalling during Watergate and the line, "You should've burned the tapes," was enough on the public mind, but it really wasn't. That should not have run.

U-M: I recall another cartoon you did during that time, the bodies were in the shape of the Star of David.

CONRAD: That's right, and I'd do the same damn thing again today. As a matter of fact, that same question came up at Berkeley the other day. One young man asked, "Well, now look, if the Phalangists had been in charge of the cease-fire and the Israeli's had committed the slaughter with the Phalangists' knowledge, would you then have put the bodies in the shape of a cross?"

"Certainly," I said. Sure, the Christians did it, but the Israelis

knew what was going on. At least the judicial review showed that they knew. So it's a case of responsibility. And boy, I caught hell on that one! Shees-us! Really, I had an awful lot of Jewish friends who called and said,"Con, you reacted a little hastily on that one." Still, the commission did find there was a certain degree of responsibility.

U-M: Where does legitimate criticism end?

CONRAD: I don't think it ever ends. As long as you've got something questionable going on, whether on the basis of constitutional grounds or concerning the public good,whatever--that still makes it a legitimate issue and I stay on them until they're resolved, one way or another.

Now the Vietnam war took us what, 11 maybe 12 years? And then that *god-damned* Secret Plan to end the war that Nixon came up with. It involved getting him elected the first four years, and then it would take him three-and-a-half years to bring the boys back. Of course, then the people say,"Oh, he's done it, he's really done it." People have a short memory, so they go ahead and re-elect him--never realizing that he's cost us another 20,000 casualties. When Nixon took office there were maybe 25,000 casualties, but when he left there was something like 57,000. Isn't that sick?!

U-M: Then there was Watergate. You never stopped on that one.

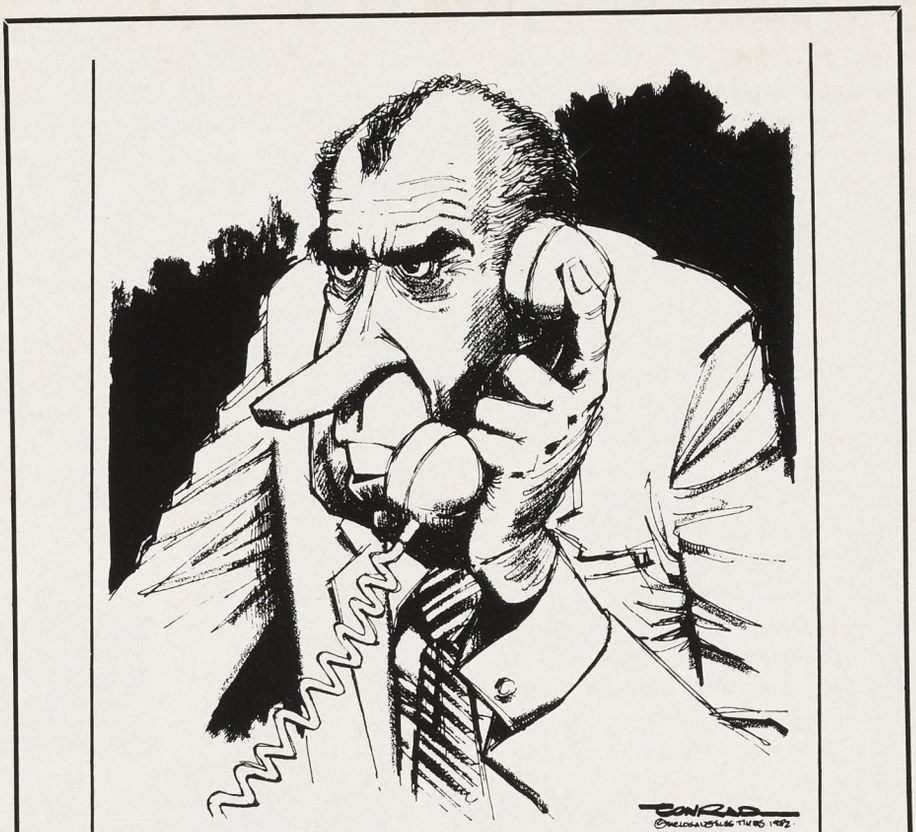
CONRAD: Oh no. Not 'til he was out.

U-M: Looking back ten years, I see you and the Washington *Post's* Herblock as the two cartoonists most occupied with toppling a presidency.

CONRAD: There's really a reason for that -- our national staffs in Washington. Hell, I was on the phone with them at least twice a week--background, background, background. Herblock was doing the same thing with his guys at the Washington *Post*.

U-M: Do you have any idea who "Deep Throat" might have been?

CONRAD: I haven't the faintest idea. I just don't.



"MENACHEM, YOU SHOULD HAVE BURNED THE BODIES!"

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U-M: How was it to draw Nixon?

CONRAD: Physically? Well, he developed into such a scoundrel, and I was not even aware of this until Ed Guthman, our National News Editor at the time says, "Con, do you realize what you've done with Nixon over the years? You used to draw him nice and erect, and now, every time you draw him his shoulders start about where his ears are, as the hulking, secretive, furtive person."

U-M: ...With his dark eyes and five o'clock shadow.

CONRAD: Oh sure! And that's the way he was, and really, unconsciously, that's the way I did him.

U-M: How do you feel about Nixon today? You still throw an occasional barb his way.

CONRAD: Oh, he's a marvelous political animal. I don't think any more or less of him than when he was in office. He was an abject mistake to begin with--an opportunist, an outright liar. I just have no respect for the man.

U-M: No respect?

CONRAD: None.

U-M: Beyond Nixon, who's your favorite political beast over the years?

CONRAD: Next to Nixon? Probably Ronald Reagan.

U-M: Oh, really...?

CONRAD: Yeah, this guy's an absolute windfall for cartoonists. Oh christ, with his *Laffer Curve*, and *Stay the Course*, and *Trickle-Down Economics*....

U-M: When doing a caricature of Reagan, what are his most prominent features?

CONRAD: Oh naturally the hair, the way it flips, and the mouth itself. It's just the structure of the man and the fact that it's kind of nice to do his face *falling*.

U-M: What do you call those lines on Reagan's neck?

CONRAD: Gaggles.

U-M: Gaggles?

CONRAD: Yeah, heh-heh. He hates that, just hates it. That's one reason I load him up with 'em.

U-M: What do you see behind his eyes?

CONRAD: A void. A *large* void.

U-M: In 1980 there was an article in *Newsweek* titled, "The Finer Art of Politics." They presented a thorough discussion of the editorial cartoonist's profession, and at one point turned a phrase that I'd like to get your response to. It said: "A cartoonist today can turn the face into a rubber mask to be pulled and shaped: less an aid to identification than a contour map of the soul."

CONRAD: Hmm, contour maps of the soul....

U-M: Yes, rather than a straight depiction.

CONRAD: Well, it just seems to me that's what a caricature is. You can get the entire personality of the person in the caricature itself. If that's the soul, fine, and it probably is--it's the personality of the man, what he is, how he thinks, how he would react, what makes him go. You can put all that into a caricature. For example, on Reagan and the War Powers Act, there was really only one way to do him and that was as the"War Powers Actor," Did you see it?

U-M: Yes, Reagan as Napoleon.

CONRAD: Right. Now, I look at it later and here's the furtive look in his eye, and he's kinda looking like, "Yeah, heh-heh, I'll comply" with his hand hidden in his vest. Next time he's not going to tell them a thing. What I wish I had done, rather than stick the thumb in the vest, was to show the two fingers crossed behind his back. It burned me when I saw it the next morning...That would've made it.

U-M: Let's talk a bit about Reagan's administration. What do you see there?

CONRAD: Well, Watt has turned out to be the most laughable. Reagan needs somebody to take some of the heat off him and he's a marvelous lightning rod for that. I say keep Watt. Right now he is so ineffectual he can't make a move. I wish that would have been the case two or three years ago--no more sales of public lands, no more coal leases, no more drilling.

U-M: Who else?

CONRAD: I'll tell you, the one guy that absolutely surprises me is William Clark, Reagan's National Security Advisor. This guy is really something. I remember when he appeared before the Senate committee reviewing his nomination. He didn't know a thing, either that or he wouldn't say anything.

Now I think Secretary of State George Shultz is a very bright man. I have a great deal of respect for him. I believe Shultz is the one who engineered Reagan's statements following the KAL shootdown. Luckily, he was able to command in that situation and the President took his advice. I have no idea what they would have done had Kissinger been in there.

U-M: What's your overall opinion of the Reagan Administration?

CONRAD: It seems to me that these guys are just playing it by ear. I think you can see that by the way the first three years have gone. They're just not considering consequences. Now contrast this with the Kennedy administration, where they always seemed to ask, "If we react, what will be the counter-reaction?" It's just that now there's no planning. It's all done by ear. I believe that's why so many things have gone sour on them. Think about it--they couldn't see a budget deficit of $210 billion this past fiscal year?! That's absolutely beyond me. And yet they're still stickin'. In fact, they just passed the $187 billion defense budget, but now appropriations votes have to come up. This includes money for the B-1, MX, and nerve gas!

U-M: And nerve gas?

CONRAD: That's to make sure no more Korean 747 jets are shot down...$187 *billion*!

I do know that we simply can't isolate ourselves from Russia. No way. The two major powers on the planet have somehow got to work out a way to co-exist. No amount of haranguing is going to bring back 269 bodies, but if we don't start negotiating on missiles and the rest of it, we're going to lose a lot more than 269. Now I'm no seer, but I am smart enough to know that we can't

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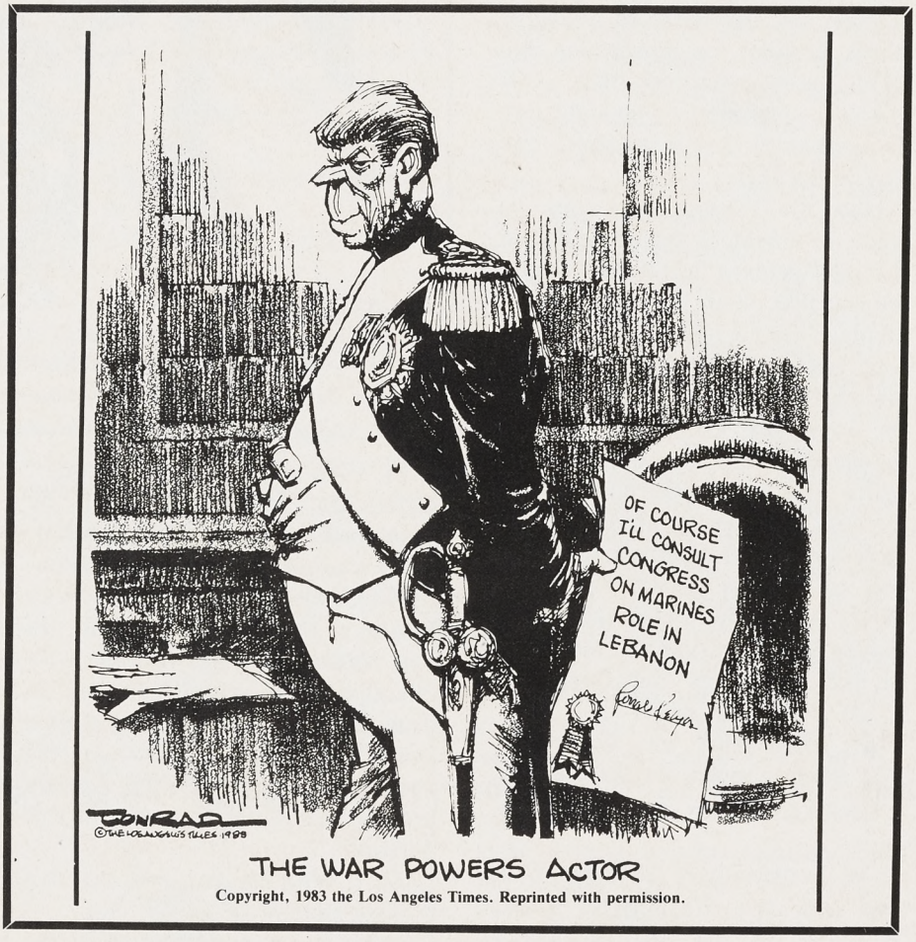

THE WAR POWERS ACTOR

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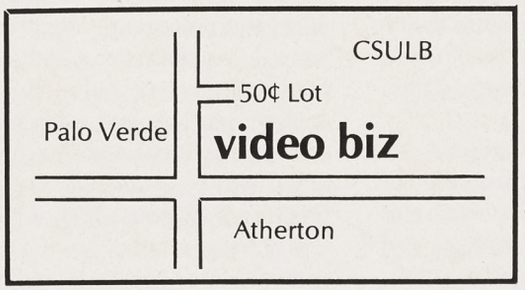

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Facing the Baffling Big Bucks Mystery in Higher Education

By Melissa Takade

It has all the elements of a dime-store Whodunnit--an unsolved mystery replete with finger-pointing accusations, the welfare of thousands in question, millions of dollars at stake, and no one to take the rap.

Who is holding the California higher educational system for ransom?

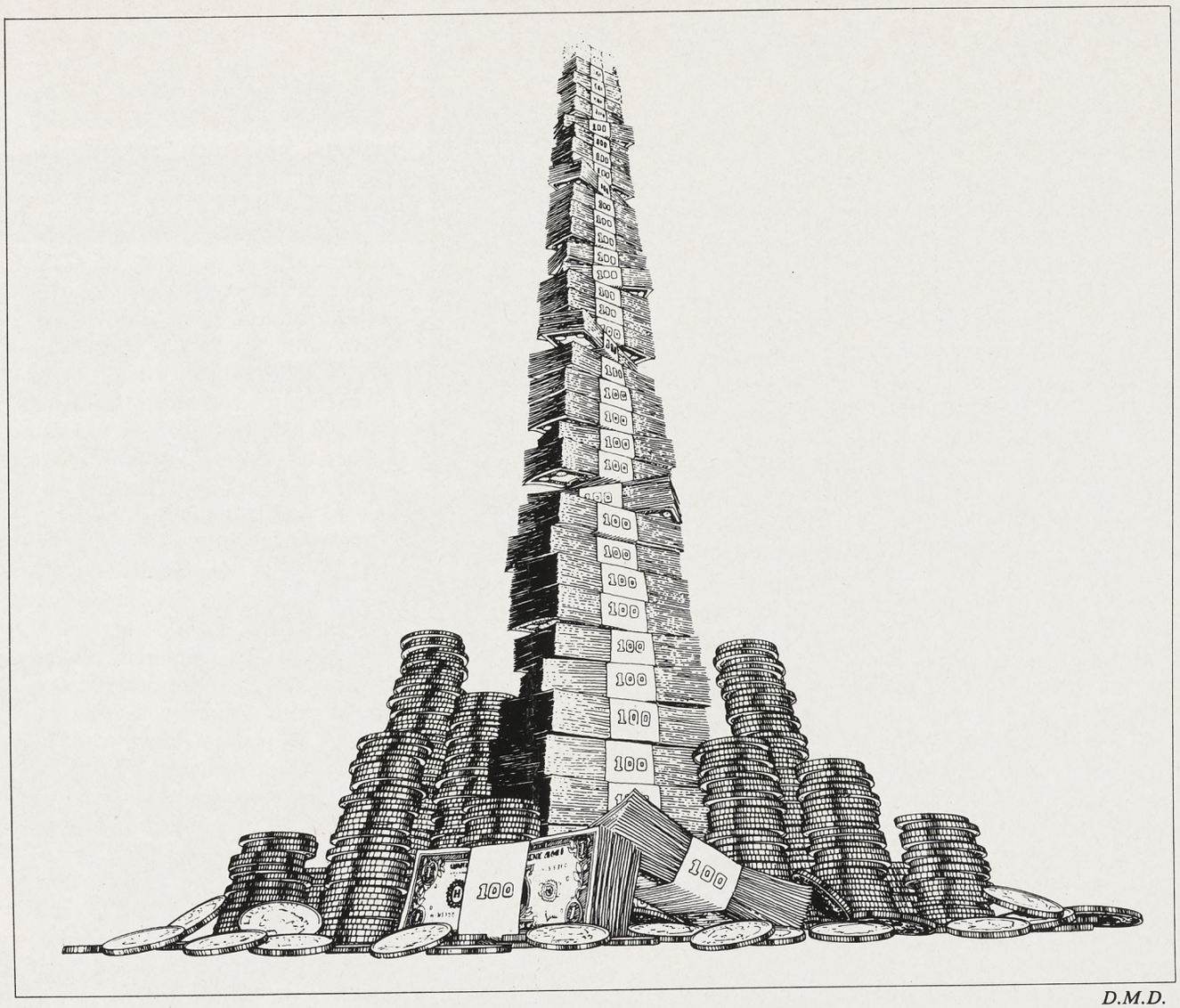
Californians have always prided themselves on having easy accessibility to higher education. While it is true that California's the second lowest state in costs for going to college, it is also true that, since last year, UC costs have gone up $357, CSU students pay 209 percent more, and a first-time tuition has been proposed for the community colleges. Moreover, post-secondary institutions have lost a total of $419 million in the 1983-84 state budget.

It could be that the dream of higher education for all has been reduced to ashes, and out of them rises the spectre of higher education for only the well-to-do.

Concern over the rising costs of education is not new. It can be traced back to the 1960s. In 1967, the state Assembly Subcommitttee on Higher Education stated: "...California's tuition-free policy...subsidizes the education of students able to pay for it, but does nothing for insuring a higher education for those students unable to pay...." Today, 16 years later, the cash problem has come to a head.

Is it right to call extra charges "fees?" Or should "tuition" be the word? Tuition refers to charges that cover instructional costs, including faculty and clerical salaries, supplies, equipment and other teaching-related expenditures. Fees, on the other hand, pay only for various student services and activities, and non-instructional benefits, with all additional funding from the California State Budget. The recent CSU charges meant to make up for cuts in state financial support fall into this fee category.

The California Post-secondary Education Commission (CPEC) says that fees should officially be



D.M.D.

changed to tuition. They claim that by restricting revenues from student fees to specific student services, those services have an assured source of funding, while instructional programs are subject to the capriciousness of the state general fund.

Then there are those, such as Marion Sneed, Vice-President at Cal State University, Fullerton, who argue against tuition. "The danger of having tuition would be that the legislature would then see their need to support education as less than it is now," she states. Why? Well, the universities are funded out of the State General Budget, and if tuition were charged, the legislature would think that the universities' need for general funds (for instructional programs) had lessened.

Still another viewpoint is that there is no difference at all between fees and tuition, as Lt. Governor Leo McCarthy pointed out during a visit to CSULB. "I view the expanded use of student fees to support the educational functions that were previously paid for by the state as tuition by another name," he said.

Whether you want to call them fees, tuition, whatever, it all translates into one thing--big bucks that are in short supply.

The Ransom

The amount of money needed to free higher education from the bondage of budget cuts varies with the particular public system. In the University of California system, $101 million in cuts represent money formerly designated for the UC Retirement System, $50 million was trimmed from the UC Operations Budget, $16 million from salaries and benefits, and $1.7 million from building plans. Another $14 million was cut in student service expenditures. Even with the $350 in tuition per student, the UC budget remains 2 percent below last year's.

For the California State University system, the situation is tense. The fee increase of $230 for the spring semester was not enough. As with the UC budget, the CSU budget has also experienced large cuts in salaries and benefits, and deferred building and maintenence. The system did get a break when it received $42 million from the gover-

Challenges to Higher Education

Up to now, higher education in America has flourished. Between 1960 and 1980 enrollments tripled in U.S. colleges and universities. The increase in students was matched by a broadening of the economic and social backgrounds from which they came. Black student enrollment alone tripled between 1968 and 1980. Community colleges grew and flourished.

Universities in those decades were major centers for advanced learning and creative thought. They also were institutions of research and development in all fields. Government and private industry looked to universities for solutions to problems and for the people to help implement those solutions.

Recent years have brought many problems to college doorsteps: declining enrollments, the unpredictability of the economy and government support, loss of qualified faculty, and confusion over the perceived mission of higher education itself.

One of the major gains from improving elementary and secondary education is to keep the higher education experience from being essentially remedial. It is critical that this be done. Our institutions of higher learning cannot do the job they're given and, at the same time, teach the basic skills of reading, writing, and math that earlier grades failed to teach.

Student Assistance: Government must continue to underwrite substantial financial assistance for students. In some colleges today the percentage of students on financial assistance runs as high as 95 percent. Without this assistance, millions of Americans would receive less quality schooling, and possibly no higher learning at all.

For disadvantaged students this assistance is especially critical. Black student enrollment increases in the period 1968-1980 parallel changes in federal student assistance programs that encouraged disadvantaged students to go to school.

Faculty: The federal government must do all it can to encourage faculty retention and upgrading. During the 1980's we must increase our output of engineers, computer scientists, and the professionals required for new and emerging technologies.

We must address the shortage of graduate engineering students choosing to remain in the academic world to teach. Graduate enrollments nationally have dropped significantly because of the high salaries paid by industry to undergraduates right out of high school. The gap between a student graduating with an electrical engineering degree, in his first job, and the professor who teaches him is about $6000--in favor of the student. In California, there are now openings for engineering faculty at all of California's public colleges and universities. In the fall of 1980, 10 percent of the 16,200 engineering faculty positions in 244 engineering schools in the United States were vacant.

Research: We must see that research prospers. Only through research and development can we resolve some of the major problems facing the human race--food, health, and economic well-being. In the 1980's we must increase our investment in science and experimentation and accelerate our investment in the equipment needed to carry out these tasks. America's universities have been world leaders in research and development; in biomedical research the United States leads the way. Our national research momentum must increase, not fall behind.

The problems of higher education can be solved if the nation sees it in our advantage to do so. It is a question not of resources, but of commitment.

Alan Cranston
U.S. Senator (D)

nor's employee compensation package. Still, the CSU budget sustained a total of $96 million in cuts. Both the UC and CSU systems are working on a plan to elevate faculty salaries in computer science and business, which are "woefully inadequate," according to one administrative official.

The community colleges, meanwhile, suffered a total of $230 million in budget cuts. Lost was a 6 percent cost-of-living adjustment, along with funds for enrollment growth ($86,700,000), and additional aid for equalization ($10,690,000). Included in the lost dollars is $108.5 million that would've been compensated for, had the legislature passed tuition.

It may be that tuition is inevitable. The community college Board of Trustees has decided to favor tuition. Gerald Hayward, chancellor of the community college system, explained their position at a special state Assembly hearing on October 27. It was a question of two very difficult choices," he said. "They felt more students would be denied access by a reduction of programs than with a fee."

The dilemma comes down to this: Can California's universities and colleges maintain open accessibility *and* quality education at the same time?

The Victims

"When I received the summer notice saying 'pay up or be disenrolled,' I panicked," said Brian Piety, a marketing major at CSULB. "I just didn't have it after all my bills. I finally borrowed my way into oblivion from everyone, including GSL (Guaranteed Student Loan)."

There are many more like Brian who are hard pressed to cough up the cash for the fee increases. At CSULB alone, 300 more students have applied for financial aid so far this year than the total number of applicants last year. And while the number of applicants has gone way up, financial aid money has not increased significantly. The only increase in aid came from the State University Grant, created in 1982,

which is generated from a portion of the State University fee that *students* pay.

On the community college level, the victims have been bludgeoned

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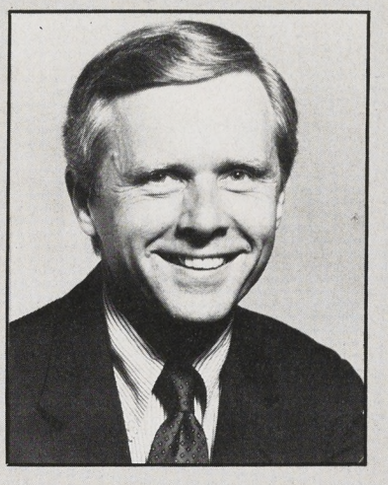
ed workload. Faculty in the Los Angeles Community College District accepted a freeze on pay increases for the next 3 years, although there has been no cost-of-living increase for the last 18 months. This was done on the premise that there would be renegotiations when money becomes available.

Academic Crossroads



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All is not lost. We are not hemmed in by an army of dolts. We must recognize and accept the fact that education, good education, is not easy for the student or the teacher. It is hard work. And strong education is as necessary for those who do not plan to go on to the university level as those who do. In order to vote intelligently, to work, to be free, to live, to enjoy, we must be well educated. Anything less is short shrift.

Pete Wilson

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U.S. Senator (R)

Challenges to Higher Education

Up to now, higher education in America has flourished. Between 1960 and 1980 enrollments tripled in U.S. colleges and universities. The increase in students was matched by a broadening of the economic and social backgrounds from which they came. Black student enrollment alone tripled between 1968 and 1980. Community colleges grew and flourished.

Universities in those decades were major centers for advanced learning and creative thought. They also were institutions of research and development in all fields. Government and private industry looked to universities for solutions to problems and for the people to help implement those solutions.

Recent years have brought many problems to college doorsteps: declining enrollments, the unpredictability of the economy and government support, loss of qualified faculty, and confusion over the perceived mission of higher education itself.

One of the major gains from improving elementary and secondary education is to keep the higher education experience from being essentially remedial. It is critical that this be done. Our institutions of higher learning cannot do the job they're given and, at the same time, teach the basic skills of reading, writing, and math that earlier grades failed to teach.

Student Assistance: Government must continue to underwrite substantial financial assistance for students. In some colleges today the percentage of students on financial assistance runs as high as 95 percent. Without this assistance, millions of Americans would receive less quality schooling, and possibly no higher learning at all.

For disadvantaged students this assistance is especially critical. Black student enrollment increases in the period 1968-1980 parallel changes in federal student assistance programs that encouraged disadvantaged students to go to school.

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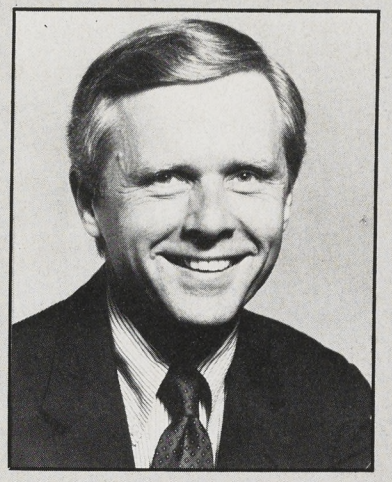

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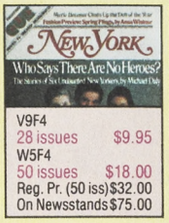

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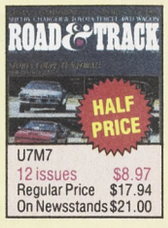

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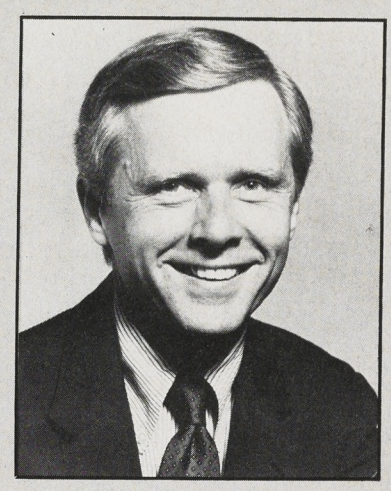

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Universities in those decades were major centers for advanced learning and creative thought. They also were institutions of research and development in all fields. Government and private industry looked to universities for solutions to problems and for the people to help implement those solutions.

Recent years have brought many problems to college doorsteps: declining enrollments, the unpredictability of the economy and government support, loss of qualified faculty, and confusion over the perceived mission of higher education itself.

One of the major gains from improving elementary and secondary education is to keep the higher education experience from being essentially remedial. It is critical that this be done. Our institutions of higher learning cannot do the job they're given and, at the same time, teach the basic skills of reading, writing, and math that earlier grades failed to teach.

Student Assistance: Government must continue to underwrite substantial financial assistance for students. In some colleges today the percentage of students on financial assistance runs as high as 95 percent. Without this assistance, millions of Americans would receive less quality schooling, and possibly no higher learning at all.

For disadvantaged students this assistance is especially critical. Black student enrollment increases in the period 1968-1980 parallel changes in federal student assistance programs that encouraged disadvantaged students to go to school.

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The problems of higher education can be solved if the nation sees it in our advantage to do so. It is a question not of resources, but of commitment.

Alan Cranston
U.S. Senator (D)

nor's employee compensation package. Still, the CSU budget sustained a total of $96 million in cuts. Both the UC and CSU systems are working on a plan to elevate faculty salaries in computer science and

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F'83

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CSULB alone, 300 more students have applied for financial aid so far this year than the total number of applicants last year. And while the number of applicants has gone way up, financial aid money has not increased significantly. The only increase in aid came from the State University Grant, created in 1982,

which is generated from a portion of the State University fee that *students* pay.

On the community college level, the victims have been bludgeoned even more. The system has been operating without the $108.5 million that would have matched last year's budget. Compton College faces possible bankruptcy if further funding is not forthcoming. It has been in a deficit position since September, as has Cypress College in Orange County. Cerritos College may sink into deficit spending after January 1, 1984. Long Beach City College, meanwhile, has closed down its Lakewood Extension campus and put off purchasing new equipment.

The UC students, while not as vociferous as their CSU and community college counterparts, are feeling the pinch, too. "Pretty soon, GSL and EOP just aren't going to help," said Joanne Oda, a business major at UCLA. "I'm glad that this is my last year. But you've probably heard that from others. I know I have."

The list of victims is not limited to students. In their June '83 Directorial Report, the CPEC revealed that faculty will also suffer. UC salaries will lag 15.5 percent behind those at comparable institutions in terms of full-year compensation. And that assumes the University will provide a 3 percent increase during the year. The State University faculty salaries will fall 6 percent behind those at similar institutions, also in terms of full-year compensation. The faculty at the community colleges will be glad just to have a salary. For example, the Compton College faculty has taken a 5 percent cut in pay and a 12 percent cut in benefits while taking on an increased workload. Faculty in the Los Angeles Community College District accepted a freeze on pay increases for the next 3 years, although there has been no cost-of-living increase for the last 18 months. This was done on the premise that there would be renegotiations when money becomes available.

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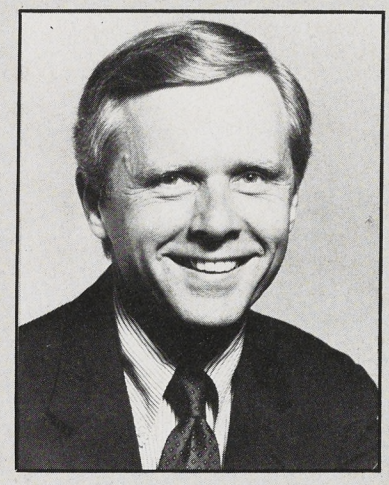
Academic Crossroads



"Secondary school has reached a crossroads, and the path is headed toward academic rigor," was the pronouncement of Scott Thomson, executive director of the National Association of Secondary School Principals.

Let us hope that Mr. Thomson is correct. Last spring when the National Commission on Excellence in Education pointed to the "rising tide of mediocrity," especially at the high school level, there were cries of indignation from teachers and administrators, and heartfelt hurrahs from parents.

Fathers and mothers who had become convinced that their sons and daughters were not being very well founded in the subjects which have proven to be the cornerstone of western knowledge rejoiced.

One of the most unfortunate words to take its place in the academic lexicon in the restless and riotous 1960s and 1970s was "relevant."The criterion most used was, "Is the subject relevant?" It became more important to be relevant than to be literate. And a number of those airhead courses lasted long enough to do some appreciable harm. The tragedy, one that was unfair to students, was that people who took those courses actually thought they were receiving an education, knowledge that was important, pertinent, of substance.

Now that the National Commission has pointed out the results of almost 20 years of Play-Dough for the mind, schools across the country are raising their standards.

Most universities are going to ask for additional mathematics courses, social sciences, English and science courses.

Over and over, we hear that universities will demand that their freshmen have a firm foundation in the English language. This strong and supple resource, the English speech, is surely one of the most important we have. High schools are teaching students to write again, the word, "essay," is no longer part of an ancient language, an obscure rune from another time.

I have great trust and faith in the future of American education. Yes, it took a shock to make us realize that we had to get back in the business of educating our boys and girls again. But nothing has happened to the inherent richness and diversity of the American spirit. The bright kids who won all the awards are still out there and are still coming on.

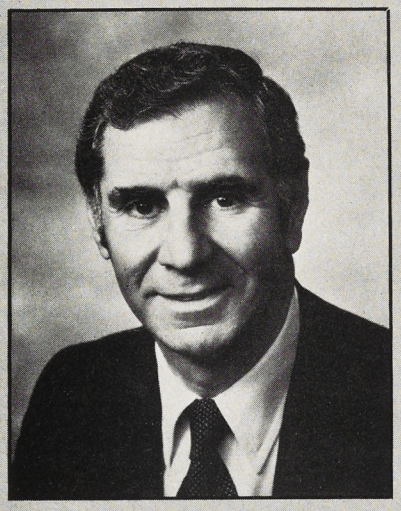
And there are still good teachers, more of them than we might think. There are young men and women who want to teach, to pass along the touchstone of knowledge. We are wrong to make them babysitters, crime fighters, social workers, attitude adjustors. Most of those things must be done at home so that the teacher is free to teach.

All is not lost. We are not hemmed in by an army of dolts. We must recognize and accept the fact that education, good education, is not easy for the student or the teacher. It is hard work. And strong education is as necessary for those who do not plan to go on to the university level as those who do. In order to vote intelligently, to work, to be free, to live, to enjoy, we must be well educated. Anything less is short shrift.

Pete Wilson

Pete Wilson
U.S. Senator (R)

"Highest Budget Priority"



As Governor of the State of California, I welcome the opportunity to join in this discussion of the present condition and future outlook on California's public education system.

Despite some reports to the contrary, this Administration is committed to maintaining and improving the quality of public education at all levels. I believe the actions we have taken this year, in spite of the serious fiscal situation facing our state, are evidence of this commitment. Education is our highest budget priority, with over 51 percent of the General Fund budget allocated to supporting K-12 education, Community Colleges, the California State University system and the University of California. By reordering our priorities, we have been able to devote greater financial resources to areas such as education and public safety and pay off the $1.5 billion deficit I inherited upon taking office, without imposing a general tax increase.

Let me briefly outline the steps my Administration has already taken in the area of education. I recently signed into law SB 813, one of the most comprehensive school reform and financing plans in the country. In addition to providing $800 million in new money for K-12 education--the first real increase in six years--the plan also mandates significant reforms to improve the quality of education our children receive.

For the community colleges, I have proposed that modest student fees be charged so that we can increase the amount of money available to our 106 community colleges. California is the only state which does charge fees for its publicly supported community colleges, and I believe that it is reasonable to ask students to help defray the costs of their education. For those who cannot afford it, we will make available adequate financial aid.

California's universities have long been recognized for the excellent education they provide. I am committed to insuring that both the California State University system and the University of California remain leaders in quality education. Even in this time of severe fiscal problems for our state, we were able to provide both of these systems with approximately the same level of support as they received last year. With the fee increases imposed by the Trustees of the California State University, that system will receive approximately $70 million more than in 1982-83.

I will do all I can to ensure that as our state continues to recover from the recession, public higher education receive an increase in state support.

Coming from a modest family background, I am acutely aware of the power of good, affordable education to unlock doors of opportunity and success. I am personally committed to improving public education at all levels in California so that all children have an equal chance for life's rewards.

George Deukmejian

George Deukmejian
Governor, California

This contributes to the problem of maintaining quality education.

Behind this pattern of shrinking compensation lurks a deep threat to quality education. How can schools retain top flight faculty when competitive wages are not paid?

The Suspects

Higher education has been caught in the crossfire between a governor determined to cut the state deficit without increasing taxes and a Democratic-controlled legislature fighting for more government programs.

When Governor George Deukmejian proposed student fee increases which would've added $190 million to his budget, the legislature unceremoniously rejected it. Ditto for the governor's proposed elimination of increases for merit salary and promotions at the UC and CSU levels. In turn, Deukmejian vetoed $1.12 billion of the legislature's proposed 1983-84 budget, with higher education sustaining over 37 percent of the cuts.

The budget did not sit well with campus administrators. The finance committee of the CSU trustees reluctantly raised student fees $185 yearly in response to the budget cuts. W. Ann Reynolds, chancellor of the CSU system, called the increase "personally abhorrent," but necessary. Nor did the budget sit well with the students. As a form of protest, members of the California State Student Association (CSSA) filed suit on August 23 to block the fee increase.

But the greatest battle is being waged over the question of tuition for community colleges. It began in January 1983, when Deukmejian first sought out tuition for the system. The governor trimmed $108.5 million while drawing up their 1983-84 budget, contending that this amount could be recouped by charging a $50 tuition for full-time students and a $30 tuition for part-timers. The legislature rejected the idea and responded by adding $234 million to the budget. In essence, this restored the $108.5 million and added $126 million for a 6 percent cost-of-living increase.

The governor retaliated by cutting out all the extra money, and stated he would not restore the $108.5 million unless the legislature agreed to tuition.

And then...the compromise. The California Senate would accept tuition if the governor promised to add $75 million to the base budget *and* restore the $108.5 million--if the state revenues permitted. The State Assembly, however, did not find this compromise palatable; it fell short of passage by three votes.

What transpired afterwards was pure opera bouffe. In a special Sunday session, the legislature again sent Deukmejian a bill that added $108.5 million to the community college budget without charging tuition. The legislature then adjourned the following Monday, leaving the tuition question basically unresolved. The governor, after seeking legal opinions regarding the status of the bill, vetoed it. He called on the Assembly to reconvene, but Assembly Speaker Willie Brown (D-S.F.) declined to call members back.

Accusations then flew back and forth. Deukmejian blamed the situation on the Assembly Democrats who had rejected the compromise bill. Brown, on the other hand, said he'd received a "threatening" message that warned him if he did not take a "certain course of action, the future for Willie Brown would be very cloudy." He hinted that the message had been sent by Repulicans in high places. In the meantime, a month passed before anything constructive was done.

A special Assembly hearing was finally called on October 27 to gather public testimony concerning student tuition and proposed employee layoffs. Some 500 students and faculty members gathered at Sacramento to vent their anger. One issue, brought up by the students, was that not enough financial aid was available to community college students. Another, brought up at a meeting of the Los Angeles trustees by Leslie Koltai, chancellor of the L.A. district, said that access

California's Commitment

Today, we hear of the need "to catch up" with our friends, Japan, and our enemies, the Soviet Union. Usually, "catch up" is put in terms of natonal security or technological changes. Those are worthy goals, but they are not enough. The opportunity to a pursue higher education is now a fundamental national value which is basic to the cultural, economic, political, and social advancement of our society.

This was not always so. There is no mention of "education" in the Constitution whose two-hundredth aniversary we will celebrate in this decade. Since the Civil War, there have been varying degrees of federal encouragement for higher education, but *public* higher education has largely been the responsibility of state government.

This commitment by the states has meant the offering of opportunity and encouragement of change. In the last 120 years, change has been dramatic on the farms of America. Our society has gone from "most" of our labor force to "approximately two percent" of it being employed on the farm. As the result of low-cost, quality public higher education, a nation not only changed on the farm and in the small towns, but in the suburbs, and in the cities as well.

With the implementation of Proposition 13, the state government assumed more of the fiscal responsibilities which traditionally had been met at the local level. There is now greater state subsidy of the elementary and secondary schools, the community colleges, and local government itself. The survival of quality public higher education in the legislative and executive battleground of Sacramento must be high on the citizen agenda. Public higher education competes with many "good" causes, each of which seeks the state's largess. Most of them are represented by vigorous lobbies which claim to produce either the voters or the money to reach voters--two factors not to be ignored by a practicing politician who is confronted with many more demands and even fewer resources.

To say that California is the seventh, or the sixth, or the eighth largest economy in the Free World is from from time to time true. But there is something more important than the size of the economy and the amout of sunshine, and that is the general level of creativity that occurs in a society, whether it be revealed in the quality of its government, the creativity of its arts, or the work of its volunteer groups. That quality is the direct result of a wise commitment of our citizen predecessors who saw that "it was a good thing" to invest in accessible, low-cost public higher education.

If a future generation of Californians is to profit from the investment authorized by those who hold positions of stewardship in the present (as many of us have profited from the investment made by those in the past), then there must be a clear recognition and commitment that the increase in fees which students in The California State University have seen in the past three years needs to be stopped and stabilized. When CSULB had 14,642 applications for financial aid in 1982-83 and could only award full or partial support to 7,706, and 90 percent of the remaining 6,936 denied aid were eligible, then the possibility of access being denied is a reality.

California needs a clear renewal of its historic commitment to quality, low-cost public higher education. Without it, the 1980s might be remembered more as the incubator for Orwell's society of *1984* than for the celebration of the American Constitution, the freedom, and the access which its spirit and its words --as put into practice through higher education--have meant to so many.

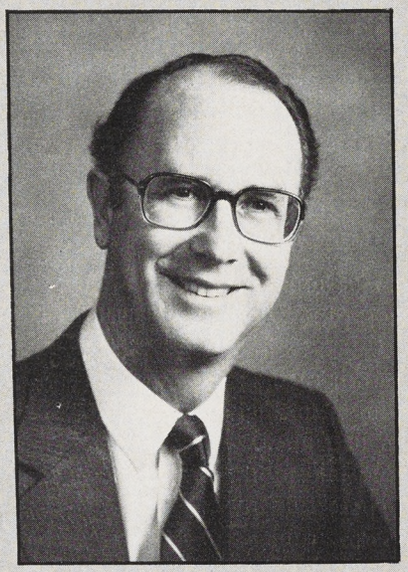
Stephen Horn
President

UC President's Message

The University of California is acknowledged as one of the world's most distinguished universities and this nation's premier public university system. Yet state support of the University has eroded substantially over the past decade and a half. This fact is well known to the Board of Regents, to elected public officials of the state and to the people of California. I do not intend to belabor it. Instead, I am stating my conviction that it is time not only to check the erosion, but also to begin to reverse it. The 1984-85 Regents' Budget is based on that conviction. My goal is that 1984-85 be a turning point and that, through the budgets of subsequent years, the University be rebuilt to its former status.

Following World War II, the University entered an extended period of growth and vitality which continued into the fifties and early sixties. The momentum achieved during those years has sustained us even to the present. The excellent ratings University programs recently received are directly attributable to that earlier period when resources matched our needs and we were successful in attracting the most promising young faculty.

Erosion of the budget began with substantial cuts in state support in the late sixties, which were never made up, and accelerated with further large cuts beginning in the late seventies. The University's program ratings in the 1990s will reflect this long period of deterioration unless the situation is promptly reversed. There are many visible indicators of erosion, despite the fact that much of it has occured one small piece at a time. We can point, for example, to a student-faculty ratio which has deteriorated about 10 percent in the same period. These are facts which daily affect the quality of students' educational experience. We can point, also, to faculty and staff



salaries. Although salaries failed to keep pace with inflation, at least they remained generally competitive until recently. Now, they are far from competitive. Moreover, the University's annual state-funded capital budget in the sixties averaged over $200 million in today's dollars, whereas our capital budget in 1983-84 is $7 million, despite a well documented need for facilities improvements costing hundreds of millions. Finally, student fees have nearly doubled in recent years at the very time the University was seeking to increase accessibility to all qualified students.

The excellence of the University depends upon the excellence of its faculty. If we are successfully to recruit and to retain the ablest faculty in this country, we must have competitive salaries, modern facilities in decent repair, state-of-the-art equipment, and libraries responsive to the serious needs of scholars. The 1984-85 Regents' Budget reflects our determination to achieve these goals.

David P. Gardner

David Gardner
President, UC System

to higher education was the "real issue" facing the system.

Ironically, the community colleges may have contributed to their own crisis. "They (administrators) never took the governor seriously," said Patrick Callan, director of CPEC, in a recent Los Angeles *Times* article. "The governor of the state made a serious proposal. It may or may not have been a good proposal, but the community college leadership never treated it seriously."

The Resolution

Like most mysteries, this one is fraught with false leads and dead ends. The solution is not clear. If tuition and fees must go up to maintain the quality of education, then a way must be found to maintain accessibility. Perhaps a program of deferred payments for needy students can be implemented. Senator Alan Cranston (D-CA) encourages government assistance for students. "Government must continue to underwrite substantial financial assistance for students....Without this assistance, millions of Americans would have less advanced schooling, less quality schooling and a possibility of no higher learning at all," he said in a prepared statement.

Patrick Callan suggests that long range educational planning must be done, instead of reacting to a situation with budget cuts. Indeed, the CPEC chastised public officials in their July Directorial Report: "...the funds available simply do not allow post-secondary institutions to fulfill past expectations. Public officials should face this reality and explicitly set the policy to be followed for state support, rather than continually underfunding the institutions across the board."

But could there be room for hope? The CSU Board of Trustees requested a 12.6 percent increase in its 1984-85 budget. This would cut student fees by $90, bringing the average down to $602 a year per student. And in New York, where he was being awarded an honorary degree, Governor Deukmejian pledged his support to California's

state universities and colleges. Said Deukmejian in a speech at St. John's University, "...it is my firm conviction that no qualified student should be denied a higher education in California simply because of a financial need."

Concerning that funding, Asembly Bill 1251 is considered a boon for students. This bill, proposed by Assemblywoman Gwen Moore (D-L.A.), establishes a process for setting and adjusting CSU student fees and states that any fee increases in the system be "gradual, moderate and predictable."

What cannot be predicted is the public's attitude towards rising education costs. There are some who might have the attitude of, "If the students want an education, let them pay for it, not me." The you-use-it, you-pay-for-it theory. But in that way also lies danger.

"The user's-fee theory could open a Pandora's box of troubles," said Marion Sneed. "It's like saying that every time you use the police or fire department, you should pay a user's fee."

Not only students, but society as a whole could suffer. Business has a vested interest in the trained personnel that the universities turn out. Sneed points out that a new wave of immigrants is another cause for education. "It seems to me that California is such an open society...the reality is that in order to educate these waves of new immigrants, we need to be committed to educate." To not do so, she adds, could lead to social problems. "For the past 25 years, the CSU system has done a marvelous job in maintaining open access; it would be disheartening to see it decline."

Even more heartrending would be a decline in the quality of education.

Some believe the process has already begun. Among them is CSU trustee Donald G. Livingston, who said in commenting on the 1984-85 budget: "....we all know the quality of the system has gone down. There is no question about it."

An education of declining quality for all? Or quality education for the few? With neither prospect very comforting, the search for a more acceptable solution takes on a mounting urgency.

Colorado From 30,000

Mountains from the air
Remind me of the pictures
in the dentist's office
Of rotting teeth.

Rivers far below
—Splitting and twisting—
Form curious hairline cracks
On Nature's dental work.

Plaque-deposited plateaus.
Tiny lunch-leftover hills.
Mounds of bacteria colonies.
Snow-capped toothbrush-
oversights.

Rain clouds sweep across my view.
Like a league of hygenists,
They cleanse the landscape.

—Heidi M. Ziolkowski

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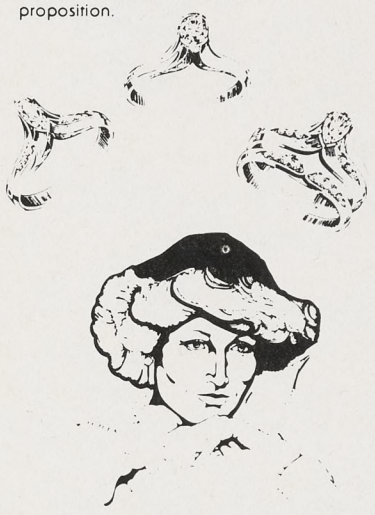

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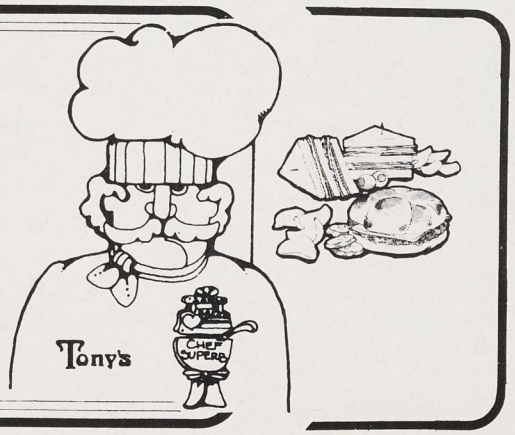


Strawberry Fields Forever?

Reflections of a '60s Love-child

By Denise Tarr

I was going to begin this differently. Lightly, with a feather-touch. A fond and frothy look-back at my years as a love-child of the sixties.

But then I read the news today, oh boy. A friend--half a decade my junior--thrust the current issue of *Newsweek* under my face. "You grew up in the sixties, didn't you?" His voice is a notch above normal. "When was the last time you saw a picture like this?"

In bold, reversed-out type, the cover head reads, "Americans at War." A young face peers out from beneath a camouflaged helmet. The lower lip protrudes petulantly. The eyes stare do or die. Only one detail says human: a white band-aid crossing the bridge of his nose, protecting tender skin from heavy horn-rims. He's a killer, this U.S. paratrooper stationed in Grenada, and he's got to see to shoot.

But there is something wrong with this picture. What is wrong with this picture? I've seen it all before...in '65 and '66 and '67 and damn it, it's 18 years later and the cover of *Newsweek* still reads, "Americans at War." Somehow we didn't get it right.

This is a story about growing up in the sixties. I know it doesn't sound like it yet, but it is. It's about making the passage of personhood--those edgy and exuberant years between 13 and 23--during a decade that was itself both edgy and exuberant. It's about coming of age against a vibrant, violent backdrop of change, a revolution that was political, sexual, ethical. And it's about living with a legacy of idealism, a legacy that is, for me and so many of my friends, both a burden and an inspiration.

Some might argue that it's no different now, that at 18 or 20 we all want to change the world. I say that we knew something, lived something, in the sixties that was quite different. Not better, just different. There are times when I ache for that difference.

"What I miss is the spirit, the openness of people," muses my friend Kay, age 36. "What I can't stand about today is the fear, the timidity, the lack of scruples and beliefs."

We are sitting together at a small table in a small restaurant, eating large wedges of quiche. "And I'm not talking about dogma," she says with some vehemence. "I'm talking about principles. That's the stuff that gets me going."

At the table next to us, two young couples are chatting about home computers and tax shelters. We look up at each other, Kay and I, and laugh.

It's not just at them. It's at us, too. The moment is a pointed reminder of where we both come from. Refugees from the sixties, we're still talking *values*.

"We just weren't prepared," Kay blurts suddenly. And I realize, that's it. Growing up in the sixties meant not growing up in some ways. It meant holding onto something lovely, lofty pictures of the way the world could, no, should be. A world with no wars, no inhumanity at all.

All this makes being here-and-now in 1983 something less than painless. Things are not--as we had so fervently hoped--getting better all the time. Today's headline, "Americans at War," says there's still something dreadfully awry out there, that Vietnam is a chronic American state of mind, that marching and chanting and fasting, going to jail, even self-immolation, wasn't, and never will be, enough.

In the sixties, it seemed enough. With a little help from my friends, I've gone back to find out why. What *was* it like?

Kay calls it a time of "possibilities, promise and insanity." Another friend, Sandy, says, "It was very visual, very exciting." My oldest friend, Mimi, remembers it as, "Prime-time--everything developed into something." And Ted, who grew up in "Motor City" (Detroit), talks about peace, love, brotherhood and sex.

ILLUSTRATION BY STUART ROSE

My own memories include electric colors, the sweet, sour, musty smell of burning dope and incense, good vibrations, sensory overload. I seemed to float in a haze from school to home to lovers to rallies to happenings. Mainly, or so it seems now, I never really worried. I felt inflamed, indignant (especially about injustice), but not worried. I still had the trust of a child.

Were we stoned all the time, lost in tangerine trees and marmalade skies? Well, I don't think so. Perhaps I was just too stoned to remember.

As Mimi is quick to point out, it's hard to separate "the charisma of the sixties" from the hopings and gropings that are simply part of being young. Maybe we shouldn't even try to. For us, it's all inextricably tied up. This is some of what we remember:

Berkeley

"Berkeley is not a reality, it's a transition," according to Kay, who landed there in 1968, just when things were beginning to peak. It was the year of Peoples' Park, and National Guardsmen camped out on her street. "It was like living in a war zone," she remembers. "The atmosphere was so politically dense, I was convinced there was going to be a revolution any day."

Kay protested, sat in, dropped out, went to jail a few times. But none of it stopped her from having a hell of a good time. She walked the streets of Berkeley barefoot, danced at the Filmore, partied like crazy the night before a big march. "You never knew if you'd be in jail the next night," she says.

Mimi was there, too. In fact from the mid-sixties on, she shuttled back and forth between New York (where she was studying to be a dancer) and Berkeley. She seemed always to be at the political epicenter--first the Columbia riots, then Peoples' Park. She remembers activists storming into her college classes, screaming for action. "I could believe the radicals," she explains. "I never believed the moderates or conservatives."

I buzzed in and out of "Berzerkley," too. Restless at UCLA, but too chicken to make the leap northward, I checked in regularly to where real life was happening. It seemed a terrifying, magical place, the embodiment of all the extremes of the decade--the ponderous, solid university, surrounded by the most bizarre forms of street life to be found anywhere.

White Kids' Guilt

I had a black boyfriend in college. So did lots of my friends. It seems so obvious to me now, but back in '66, I was blind to my self-conscious, studied attempts to reverse three hundred years of racial inequality. I remember saying "Negro"--this was in 1968--and being fiercely corrected by a Black Panther. "Black," he said.

My friend Kay was raped by a black man in the mid sixties and at the time simply rationalized it as black man's anger, stoically absorbing her white woman's guilt. After all, if you were white in 1965 you were guilty, right? Only now, 17 years later, can she deal with her own anger.

Peace-Love-Dope

Were we stoned all the time, lost in tangerine trees and marmalade skies? Well, I don't think so. Perhaps I was just too stoned to remember. Personally, I did n't even touch grass until I was nearly 21. When I did, it blew my socks off. The room turned upside down, my body throbbed. It seemed to help me write better, make love better. What else was there?

Kay got involved in some of the heavier stuff during her Berkeley years--LSD, peyote, psilocybin. "It opened up my whole visual sense," she says. "It also fried some brain cells." (Two of Kay's boyfriends later flipped out on drugs).

As for sex . . . well, for most of us it was when we first found out that love was more than just holding hands. Ted remembers the sixties as a time of taboo-testing and "women hot-to-trot."

Kay recalls with laughter, "parties where we ate too much, drank too much and ended up sleeping with people we never intended sleeping with."

All Sandy will say on the subject is that "by the end of the sixties, I had tried *everything*."

Authority

Question it, that was the first impulse. We hated the notion of anyone filling us up with their rules. "It wasn't a time to swallow grand political schemes," recalls Ted. "We started asking, 'Do I have to hate that commie, pinko, fascist pig?' We waded through an awful lot of stereotypes."

Kay announced in the summer of 63 that she was going to join CORE (Congress for Racial Equality). Her parents threatened to disown her. She joined anyway.

Sandy spent much of the sixties as a beach bum ("I never wore shoes"), defying her parents' plans for a college education. "I saw the stresslessness of not over-achieving," is the way she explains it now.

Turning Points

November 22, 1963 . . . ask any sixties kid. They'll remember where they were, what they were doing, what they were wearing. John Kennedy's assassination was devastating for my friend Ted. He was 17, a junior in high school, into hot rods, girls and drive-in movies. "His

death changed my view of government," he says. "It made me question putting faith in any power."

Yet he remembers that three months after the shock, "People went back to being comfortably numb. It made me furious."

For Mimi something critical clicked during the massive '67 march on the Pentagon. "I felt it was my right as an American to protest the war in Vietnam," she says. "Marching that day made me feel in control."

Mimi was trudging toward the Washington Monument--along with thousands of other impassioned souls--when the police goose-stepped into the crowd, threatening to arrest anyone who crossed the bridge.

"I was scared shitless," says Mimi, who ran for the bushes. "I realized for the first time, 'Hey, maybe *we're* not in control."

Kay's epiphany came with the suicide of her sixties soul-mate, an intellectual radical named David. One day he went into the garage, got in the car, turned it on . . . and sat. "There was lot of finality about it," Kay says quietly. "He couldn't change to the times. His ideals were too high." Some of hers went with him.

Today she claims to be apolitical. What she wants now--after forging a career as a writer and editor--is a solid, well-paying job, marriage, a child. "The other day I was driving past Hawthorne and I actually felt envious for the people who live there . . . Hawthorne!" She can hardly believe it herself.

My own decisive moment? I'm not sure there was one. I was far less of a radical than most of my friends. It was in the arena of relationships that I ate my own "naked lunch"--that moment, says writer William Burroughs, when we see clearly, starkly, what is at the end of our fork.

In 1965, at the age of 18, I moved from L. A. to New York to attend the Juilliard School of Music. That year I collided with the stiffest competition I'd ever faced. Back in Brentwood, I had been a fine little dancer. In New York I was just another set of ballet shoes at the barre.

I dealt with men for the first time: a flock of wildly romantic, neurotic musicians, who seemed to woo, bed, and dump me in one dizzying dance after another. Then there were the crazies on the sidewalks of New York. I recall one heart-thumping, snowy chase down a deserted street. The large man lumbering after me kept purring, "Baby, come on baby . . . ."

It was enough to send me home a sober young woman, sixty pounds heavier than the sylph who'd left nine months before. It seemed that some basic trust in the goodness of people got eaten away. And in the sixties that was what I believed in most.

Aftershocks

I saw a film today, oh boy. *The Big Chill* left me with a big lump. Although the movie skirted the close-to-the-bone issues, it tugged at me. I loved the music, of course, and was struck by the sweetness of the characters, their loyalty to one another. I saw in those people's eyes something I see in the eyes of post-sixties adults. A kind of pained surprise, as if they were just waking up. A startled, "Oh, is *this* how the world is?" look.

Granted, we've all had a decade in-between to get our vision adjusted to the current decade. The seventies (Kay calls them, "the years for mopping up after the sixties") helped prepare us for putting our ideals into proper perspective.

In the seventies we took our broken wings and learned to fly: careers, marriages, divorces, children. The seventies meant it was time to be responsible, something we hadn't time to do in the sixties.

But as Kay and I sit here, finishing up the last of our quiche and listening to the young couples talk about Cuisinarts ("Perfect!" says Kay), I wonder if the end of the sixties really signaled our childhood's end.

'I felt it was my right as an American to protest the war in Vietnam,' Mimi says. 'Marching that day made me feel in control.'

I know that ideals die hard. Two weeks ago I marched in a demonstration against placing first-strike weapons in Europe. All the old people were there with their beads and sandals and chants of "What do we want? Peace! When do we want it? Now!" It took me back. But when I got home I was unspeakably depressed. Only 6,000 people in all showed up. Just people my age, a bunch of aging true-believers.

This is the kind of stuff that, as Kay says, gets me going. It's almost lonely and frustrating as trying to explain what it was like to someone who wasn't there then. Kay finds her younger friends either revere her or they want to own the experience themselves. "I mean," she says with real indignation, "What can anyone remember from the second grade, for chrissake?"

The trouble, perhaps, is that *we* remember...too much and too well. That's why I can't look at the kid on the *Newsweek* cover today. That shoot-to-kill stare says nothing's changed, really.

But it's funny. I look at that face and find myself focusing instead on his nose, his band-aid, that little patch of vulnerability. Maybe....

FICTION

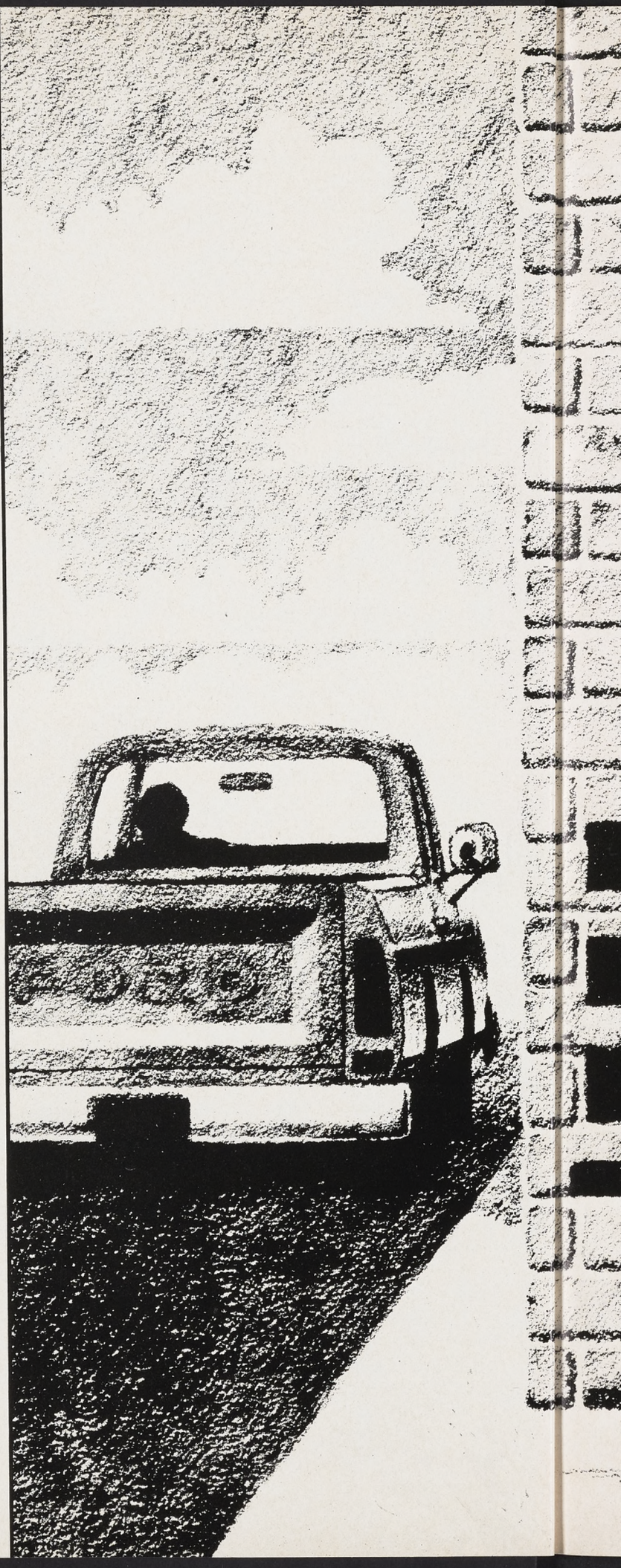
G.I.

By Mark Barkawitz

The neighborhood in Pasadena was middle class, and our home a white stucco, three-bedroom house that Pop had bought on the GI Bill. I had a brother, whom I fought with all the time, and a sister, whom I never understood, and Mom, whom I loved and liked. So it was only natural for me ten years later to want my own home. Especially after I'd met Ginny. I wanted it for both of us. And the family we hoped to have. She worked at a flower shop and for now lived in a dumpy little duplex near the freeway. I lived in a one-bedroom apartment near the college.

Pop was a GI from World War II and then Korea. I was born while he was in Korea, saving the world for democracy. So when he sent word home that he wanted a patriotic name for his first-born, apparently Mom didn't fight him. I was named George Washington Smith. But everyone called me Georgie.

I was a carpenter, just like Pop, and we worked together. Every time I pounded a nail into some guy's roof or remodeled some lady's kitchen, I dreamed of the day when it would be my home that I was working on. I always figured it was only a matter of time. I'd been saving a few years when Ginny and I decided to get married. I was twenty-nine, had almost four thousand dollars in the bank, over five with Ginny's money, and wanted to have the house before our wedding day. I figured we were at least getting close. So one afternoon about three months before the big day, I left work early ("Go ahead," Pop said, "I can handle it here alone."),



"GI" is the first chapter of a novel in progress by graduate student Mark Barkawitz, 33, a creative writing major. His "Watch Dogs" short story won the 1982 CSULB Jaquith Award, and his book *On Our Block* was chosen in the finals of the 1982 University Writer's Competition.

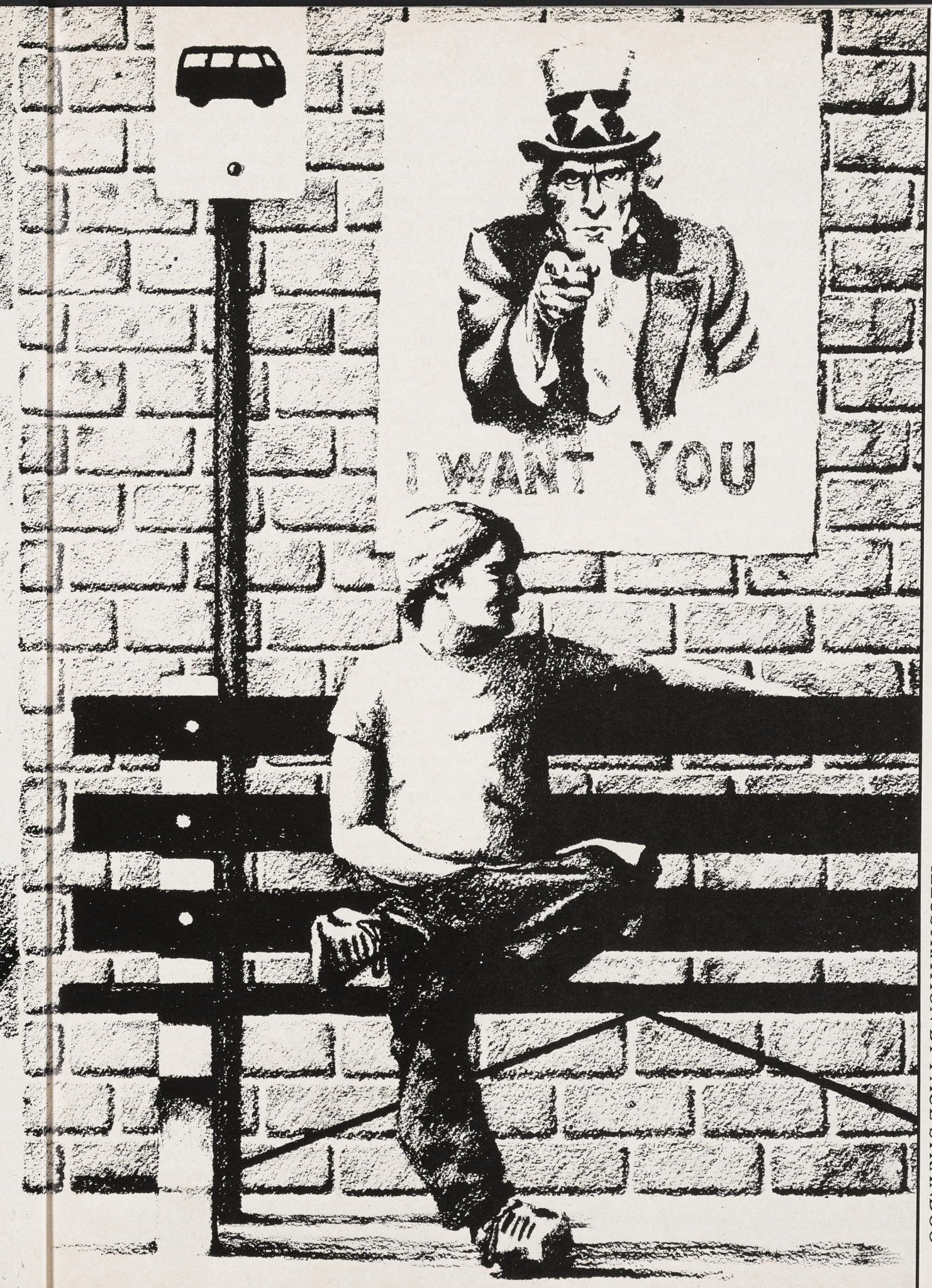


ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL STRANDOO

walked into a local realtor's office, and sat down. I was still in my work clothes--Levi's and a white T-shirt. Ms. Taylor, the realtor, in a suit but no tie, was just getting off the phone. About her neck hung a gold trinket, a small cottage, on a gold chain.

"What exactly are you looking for, Mr. Smith?"

"Nothing fancy. Two bedrooms, I guess." I knew three were out of the question.

She nodded, moved some papers and folders that were on her desk. "How much did you want to spend?"

"As little as possible. I'm getting married in a few months."

"How nice for you." She started flipping through one of the listing-books on her desk. "We have a lovely two-bedroom townhouse in east Altadena. Two baths. Good neighborhood and schools. In fact, it's just a few blocks from my home. One-ten-five."

I cleared my throat. "That's a little more than I was thinking of spending."

"Well." She flipped through a few more pages. "We have another two-bedroom, two-bath on Lambert, just east of Allen Street. Nice house but the lot's a little small. That's ninety-two-five."

"How 'bout a fixer-upper? I'm a carpenter."

"Oh. Are you in business for yourself?"

"My Pop and I are partners. We have our own business."

"That's nice. But it might raise a few problems. The banks frown on loaning to people who don't have a set income."

"We work all the time."

"I'm sure you do. What about a VA loan?"

"No, I was never in the army."

"Well, let's see what else we have." She turned to the back of the listing-book. "There's a two-bedroom near Washington Boulevard for seventy-eight," she said. "But you need twenty percent down on that one. Do you mind something on the west side?"

That was the black side of town. I left the realtor's office feeling like a pauper. The afternoon was about shot, so I went to my apartment, but the white walls were depressing, so I put on my shorts and running shoes and took off down the block. It was dusk. Old Miss Willowby, in her seventies, was out on her porch, talking to one of the other old ladies who lived on the block.

"Hi, Georgie," Miss Willowby called. "How's your father?"

I waved back, "He's fine." Old Miss Willowby had a crush on Pop. She always waved when Pop came by to pick me up for work. She'd even given Pop a fruitcake last Christmas. Mom had kidded him about it.

"You tell him I said hi."

"I will."

She went back to talking to her friend. Probably telling her about Pop. I was to have dinner with Mom and Pop that night. It was a weekly ritual so I'd have one good meal a week, Mom said. I knew Pop'd ask how it had gone at the realtor's. I didn't feel like telling him.

The days were getting shorter and the tree shadows, already a mile long, stretched out ahead of me. Ginny and I would need almost twice what we had saved. And of course by the time we'd saved that much, inflation would have driven the price up even higher. There was just no catching up. And Ms. Taylor had said we would need a monthly income of well over two thousand dollars to qualify for a loan. Ginny would have to keep working. There was no doubt of that now.

I turned on Colorado Boulevard past the City College. Most of the day classes had ended and it was a little early for the night students to start showing up, so there was hardly anyone around. I cut across the new, bright green lawn, which the gardeners planted every fall. In a month or so the seats for the Rose Parade would be put up, and afterwards, on the lawn would be evenly placed squares of dead grass, where the supports had sat. I'd lived in Pasadena all my life and had gone to the City College in the late sixties and early seventies. I was still living with Mom and Pop then. At least for the first couple of semesters. Then my draft board decided to send me to Vietnam. I disagreed with the arrangement and that set off an explosion at home. "No son of mine is gonna refuse to do his duty and live under my roof!" Pop had yelled. So I moved out. That was in '72. It had been a tough year for me. I was classified 1-A. Vietnam was a bloody mess on the six o'clock news every evening. Pop, when I came over, wouldn't speak to me. Mom played go-between. McGovern was getting clobbered at the polls by a crook in the White House named Nixon. That was the first year I voted. It was the first in a long string of losing ballots that I was to cast. Now, I don't bother to vote. I don't want to jinx anyone.

I ran to the college track and joined a scattered bunch of runners for two laps, then struck off on my own through the campus, past the tennis courts, and up Hill Street towards Green Street where Ginny worked.

The traffic was heavy. The church bells across the street at Saint Phillip's were clanging. It was five o'clock. Ginny would just be getting off work. If I hurried, maybe I could catch her before she left.

Green Street, where the shop was, was a one-way street and I was running the wrong way, but at least I could see the traffic coming. The shop was about a mile away. I could cover that in about six minutes. My muscles were loose and felt good as I picked up the pace. Though my legs weren't long because I was only average in height, I was a good runner and in good shape. I had the slightly muscular, sturdy build of Pop, only he'd grown a beer belly that I didn't have. Not yet anyway.

At Lake Street the signal turned red just as I got there. I rubbed my thighs and stretched my back while I waited. A horn honked. It was Mrs. Wagner in her station wagon. Pop and I had built a playhouse for her children. She waved to me as she drove through the intersection. Two of her kids were in the back seat. I waved back, the light changed, and I started across the

street. An old Plymouth, trying to make it through the yellow light but late, shot through the intersection just in front of me. Son of a bitch. It happened all the time.

The CLOSED sign was on the front door when I got to the shop and I didn't see anyone inside amongst the carnations and roses and babies breath and lilies, so I ran around back to where the employees parked. Ginny's Volkswagen was just pulling out. She saw me, smiled, pulled over, and rolled down the window. "Hi. What are you doing here?"

She had a small, white flower done up in her hair, which was piled on her head in some sort of bun. In her white blouse, she reminded me of one of those Gibson Girls. I leaned through the open window and kissed her. "I went to the realtors today."

"And?"

"Not so good. We're not even close. I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask Pop for a loan if we still want a house."

She put her hand on my arm and squeezed lightly. "Maybe we should wait."

"Wait? Houses get more expensive every month. We can't wait. We should have bought a house ten years ago when they were affordable."

"You didn't even know me ten years ago. Besides, I was only fourteen then."

"But I always knew there'd be someone like you for me. And I always knew what I wanted. I should've been ready."

"You shouldn't blame yourself. Besides, Pop'll loan us the money. You know that."

I nodded. "I know. I just hate to ask. I wanted to do this on my own."

She pulled the hairs of my forearm, leaning on the door. "You?"

"Oww. I mean, us. I wanted to do it on our own."

"That's better. When are you going to ask?"

"Tonight. It's my weekly dinner."

"Want me to go with you?"

"No. I can handle Pop better alone. I'll call you when I get home."

"All right."

I leaned over and kissed her goodbye.

"Give them my love," she said.

"I will."

She rolled up the window, mouthed the words, "I love you," smiled, and drove away.

As I ran through the streets for home, it was dark and all the street lights were on.

And I was late for dinner. They were already sitting at the dining room table when I got there. There was an empty place set for me with silverware and an empty glass. When I was growing up, the table had always been full with us kids and our friends. Mom always let us bring guests. Now there was just the two of them. I was their only child left in town.

Pop's hair was all gray now. What was left of it. And the lines around his eyes were deep set. He was going to

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be sixty in a couple of years but "he was still built like a brick shithouse," as he put it. Mom was ten years younger and looked it. But I think she touched up her gray. She still had on her apron. She started to get up.

"That's okay, Mom. I can get it myself. Sit down and eat. How's it going, Pop?" I said, heading for the kitchen.

Pop nodded, his mouth full of food. "I told you he couldn't pass up your roast beef," he said to Mom, not looking at me.

"There's a plate for you in the oven," Mom said. "But be careful. It might be hot."

The plate was heaped with roast beef and mashed potatoes covered in gravy with some carrots on the side. I popped one of the carrots in my mouth and took a half-gallon of milk from the refrigerator and out to the dining room with me.

I sat down at the place set for me across from Pop, poured a glass of milk, and began eating. "Ginny sends her love."

"That's nice," Mom said. "She's such a nice girl."

"Yeah, she's a doll," I said. "Mmm. Food's great. You finished at the Parker's, Pop?"

"Naw, we'll have to go back tomorrow. We've got to pick up their den door at the furniture strippers too. Don't let me forget."

"Sure." I was hungry from my run and shoveled the food into my mouth in giant forkfuls.

"Julie called yesterday," Mom said. Julie was my sister. She lived in Las Vegas with her husband, Charlie. "They're coming down for Christmas and I want you two to be nice to Charlie. Do you hear me?"

Pop nodded. So did I. Neither of us liked Charlie. He was rich and had a reputation for being a playboy before he and Julie had married. Pop and I were convinced she had married him for his money. Mom, of course, didn't believe it and got mad when we said so. Pop didn't think he was any good for his little girl. "What kind of place is Las Vegas to live?" he asked them whenever they came into town.

"What about Pete?" I asked. "Heard from him yet?" Pete was my little brother. He was in the Navy and stationed somewhere in the Middle East on a destroyer.

"No, haven't heard a thing," Mom said.

"He won't be home," Pop said. "Not with all the crap those camel jockeys are pulling these days."

I kept eating.

"How'd it go at the realtors today?" Mom asked.

"Not too hot."

"Oh?" Mom asked.

I shook my head. "No way we're going to be able to afford a house of our own. Not for a long time."

Mom looked up at Pop. "A house is important to a couple just starting out."

"Anything interest you?" he asked.

"I was just checking prices today. Seems the only thing we could come close to buying is on the west side."

"There's nothing but niggers and wetbacks over there," he said.

"John, please," Mom said.

"It's the god damn truth," he said. "Isn't it?" he asked me.

"Blacks and Chicanos, Pop."

He shrugged and kept eating. "Can't you find a fixer-upper in a decent neighborhood?"

"Maybe. But they want at least twenty percent down on something like that. And they're still expensive."

Mom gave Pop another look. "Maybe we can help."

"Twenty percent, huh?" Pop washed down the last bite of roast beef and sat back in his chair. "You know I got this place for five hundred down on the GI Bill?"

"I know, Pop." The benefits of being a veteran--his favorite topic.

"I told you you'd regret all that peace crap some day."

"I don't regret anything."

"No, not as long as your mother and I bail you out." He pushed his plate towards the center of the table.

"Forget the whole thing."

"Sure, let's forget the whole thing. Forget your little brother and I have to do your fighting for you. Forget your mother and I have to buy your house for you."

"Please don't start that again," Mom said. She had stopped eating.

"Go to hell, Pop." I got up to leave.

"That's it. It's easier to run than fight."

I turned around. Pop was already standing, the old look on his face. I started back toward him, but Mom was up fast and got between us. The three of us stood there, no one saying anything.

"Thanks for dinner, Mom." I kissed her on the cheek. "The roast beef was good." I turned and left.

Pop and I have tempers like a wooden, blue-tip match; they strike anywhere, flare up quickly, but burn out just as fast. Then all that's left is a charred little stick. I was still pissed off when I got home, so I picked up a six-pack and drove over to Ginny's. She was in bed, watching TV when I got there. "Little House On The Prairie" was on. I took off my clothes, popped open a beer, and joined her under the covers. I told her what happened.

"It's okay," she said. "We don't need a house anyway. Maybe we can get one later."

I shrugged. She leaned over and put her head on my chest. Her hair smelled good. I put my arm around her and set the can of beer on the nightstand next to the bed. There was a picture of me there, in my running clothes. It was taken after a marathon I'd run in. She began to play with the hairs on my chest.

"Why don't we turn off the TV?" I said.

Pop came by my apartment the next morning to pick me up for work at the regular time. I'd left Ginny's late the night before and was still a little sleepy when I heard the horn honking. I walked out to the truck with my

tool box, set it in the truckbed, and climbed in the cab.

"Morning," I said.

"Morning," he said.

"Don't forget to stop by the furniture strippers."

He nodded and pulled away from the curb. Old Miss Willowby was out on her porch, rocking in her rocker, reading the paper. She waved to us as we drove by.

"Good morning, John," she called.

Pop didn't wave, so I waved back for both of us. We passed Ronnie, who was riding his bike up the street, talking to himself. He was the local loon. I waved to him too, but I don't think he noticed. The furniture strippers was about a mile down on Colorado Boulevard. The rush-hour traffic was out.

The curb was lined with cars in front of the furniture strippers, so Pop parked the truck across the street in the parking lot of C&R Clothiers. Ten years ago the same building had housed my local draft board. C&R wasn't open yet but there were a couple cars in the lot. He got out, business checkbook in hand, without saying anything.

I stayed in the truck and watched him walk across the street and disappear into the blue and brown building. I figured he'd be in there awhile. He knew the guy who ran the business and both liked to bitch about the state of the economy and such, so I figured I'd get a newspaper from the stand in front of the liquor store across the street and check the classifieds. Maybe we could afford some land some place?

I got out of the truck and stood waiting on the corner in front of Wing Wah's Chinese Restaurant, for the traffic to ease up. Tonio's Italian Restaurant was right next door. Maybe I'd take Ginny out to dinner tonight. There was a let-up in the traffic, so I ran across the street and put a quarter in the *Star News* rack and took out a paper.

Pop still wasn't back at the truck yet, so I walked over to the Toyota dealership on the corner, next to the liquor store and checked out their trucks. They were nice and new and shiny but some of the price stickers were as much as Pop'd paid for our house when he bought it. When there was a break in the traffic, I crossed back over. The Mercedes Benz dealership next to Tonio's had opened. I didn't even bother to check their prices.

Back at the truck, I started looking through the paper. In the classifieds were ads for lots in town, out of town, uptown, and downtown. But nothing caught my eye, though I figured there had to be something in there for us. Somewhere.

Pop came out of the furniture strippers bent over, carrying the stripped walnut door on his back. He looked like an out-of-work Santa, the cars stopping, waiting for him to pass, then jetting off on their way. I got out of the truck, opened the tailgate, and spread out a dropcloth to lay the door on. As we were laying it down, one of the salesmen from C&R Clothiers--he looked Iranian--came over to the truck. I guess they were just opening.

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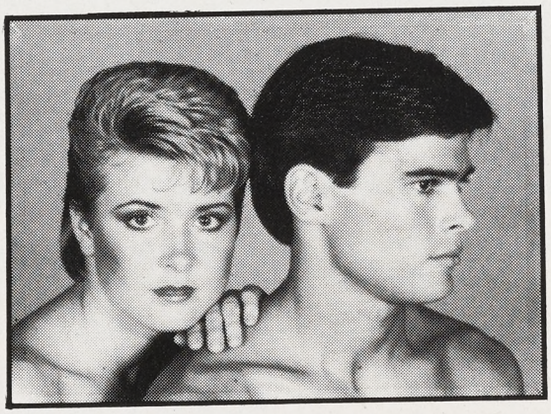

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"You can't park here," he said. He was about my age and wearing a blue, three-piece, pinstriped suit with a red tie.

Pop didn't say anything.

"Hey, you can't park here. This is for customers only."

"We're just leaving," I said.

"Don't park here again."

"How'd you like a fat lip?" Pop said, closing the tailgate, turning towards the salesman.

The salesman looked angry at first. Then he began to see that Pop just might hit him. "This lot is for our customers only."

"Go sit on a camel's hump."

"I'll have to call the police if you don't leave."

Pop made a move towards the salesman, but the guy began backing up quickly.

"I'm calling the police."

"Call 'em."

The salesman in the three-piece suit turned around and went back inside the store.

"Come on, Pop."

We climbed back into the truck and Pop squealed the tires as we were leaving the parking lot. The air smelled of gas and burnt rubber. As we drove away, the salesman came back outside and flipped us the bird. It would've made a great poster; some guy standing in front of the white, block building with the large red and blue letters of my old draft board, pointing at us with his middle finger. Pop stuck his arm out the window and returned his salute.

"Stinkin' camel jockeys. We should stick the whole lot of 'em on a slow boat back to the Middle East, then blow the boat right outta the water."

"He's just doing his job."

"You mean some American's job. Damn foreigners are ruinin' this country. Look." He pointed to an old, red truck in front of us. There were two young Mexicans sitting in the back, along with some lawn mowers and rakes and shovels. He changed lanes and we passed them by. "Damn wetbacks are everywhere."

"Right, Pop."

"They'll be takin' your job next."

"Probably."

"Makes me mad as hell." The door in the back bounced up and down--he was driving fast--until a red light stopped him.

I opened the cab door, classifieds under my arm, and got out.

"Where in the hell are you goin'? We've got work to do."

"I know." I took my tool box from the bed of the truck and slammed the cab door. "See ya, Pop."

He looked at me, then, as the light changed, punched it and spun the tires.

I crossed the street, sat down on a nearby bus bench, and opened the classifieds to the Help Wanted section. Accountants, electrical engineers, laser technicians. Shit. I just hoped Ginny understood.

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Cash Panache

A Guide to Balancing Your Budget

If money is the root of all evil, why not be really evil? Too many of us spend most of our time earning a living, which is to say that we work to live, not live to work. We go on living paycheck to paycheck, with more month left over than money.

Perhaps you believe you're too strapped to save even a dime and secretly wish to have your financial woes solved with the wave of a magic wand. Alas, there is no magic wand, and you're not likely to win a million dollars from Publisher's Clearing House, no matter what Ed McMahon says. To reach any form of financial independence, you must have the initiative to take the first step.

On the other hand, it could be that you are one of the relative few who have too much money. Then you must worry and fret about wise investing, estate planning, and paying out too much in taxes to the government. If only you should have such problems, you say? With proper planning, yes, you should.

But a real and pressing problem, which in recent years has received much attention from the government and press, is living too long for your money. Social Security alone cannot be counted upon for support. So you ought to begin planning for the future now, regardless of your age or financial position. Imagine yourself in a desirable position or lifestyle, then set your goals to attain it.

A fairly common misconception about financial planning is that it's only for the wealthy or elderly. But let's look at it this way. Say you're going on a vacation, taking several weeks to drive across country. You pore over maps and reference books

to make sure that every minute and every cent that you have budgeted for is wisely spent. You'll sit down and spend hours, even days, planning the most minute details of those two weeks, but you don't take the time to plan anything more than the sketchiest budget for your future. Why not look at it as though it were a financial vacation; get some paper and start planning.

The first step of any financial plan, acording to Dr. L. R. Runyon, CSULB Professor of Finance, Real Estate and Business Law, is to develop a personal balance sheet. "You need to know what you own and what you owe first," states Runyon, "and to figure out where you are going, you need to know where you are."

You may obtain an elaborate personal balance sheet from a bank or just simply make one up of your own. In the "What I Own" column, include: cash, marketable securities, personal property, real estate, pension, and long term assets. Total the column. The "What I Owe" column contains: current bills, taxes, mortgages (rent), debts to individuals, and loans. Total the second column and subtract what you owe from what you own. You now know your net worth.

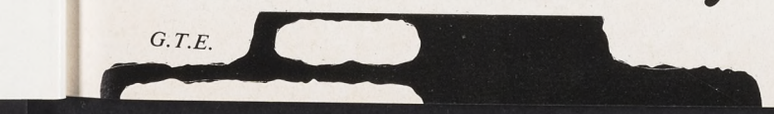
Now there is nothing mysterious about the second step of any financial plan--namely, budgeting. Quite simply, an honest budget is a way of measuring where your earnings are going, and when. (That could be fun in itself!) A written plan allows you to better visualize your expenditures, which in turn helps you gain control of your financial outlays.

One uncomplicated budgeting method, made popular by President Jimmy Carter, is the zero-based budget (ZBB). You start with a rock-bottom survival budget, listing such basics as mortgage or rent payments, food, clothing and transportation.

On another sheet, list any annual expenses, as exactly as possible, such as haircuts, gifts and entertainment, just to name a few. After it is made, go through and make cuts. Be hard on yourself, keeping in mind that a tough budget is the first step toward your goal.

Make a third list of the things you'd like to spend or save for beyond present expenses. Include such items as additional schooling, a vacation, a car or an emergency

By Stephanie J. Lawrence



fund, ranked in order of priority.

Now take the lists, and add the totals to the ZBB and, if this figure is higher than your net (after taxes) income, something must be eliminated. Remember that your budget is based upon your own experiences, tailored to your income and situation, and geared to your individual goals. In short, your budget is individually yours.

With your ZBB in hand, it's time to consult a staff of financial planning experts. Now you're thinking that you'll be laughed out of some three-piece suiter's office because of your meager funds. Not so. This is exactly the time to seek help, stresses Roger Garay, Financial Planner, Tax Shelter Investor and Tax Audit Specialist for Garay and Associates in San Pedro and Huntington Beach. Don't wait until you are in trouble before looking for a way out of it.

Why not just go to your family accountant? "An accountant," explains Garay, "reports to the government what happened to you financially in the previous year. Accountants are financial historians.

"A financial planner," Garay goes on to say, "is an investment counselor who handles tax shelters to reduce income taxes. He knows the tax laws and uses them to your advantage." Planners also create income tax deductions or tax credits through recommended investments in real estate, oil and gas projects, and research and development partnerships, among other dollar-saving measures.

Financial planning is a broad field, encompassing such businesses as investments, insurance and banking, as well as taxes. Since it would be a superhuman task for one person to master all fields, seek out different experts. Discuss your goals with them and collect information from them, remembering of course that each one is going to try to sell you his particular service. The final say is still yours. So for now study and digest the information before making any commitment.

In order to invest any amount of money, some sort of savings plan has to be implemented. Now that does not mean running to the bank and depositing money into a savings account. If you are like most people, you spend what you make, leaving nothing for savings. So, develop a plan to pay yourself first. Each month before you write out the checks for your bills, make one out for yourself.

OK. You have the check in hand. Now what? "An IRA, tax-free account," states Runyon, "is the single most important way of saving."

He figures that, if by the age of 25 (which gives you a few years after graduation to get settled) you begin setting aside $2,000 a year at 12 percent interest until retirement, the minimum you can expect in 40 years is a staggering $1.5 million! Depending upon the rate of inflation, that amount may be worth less than $1.5 million today, but it's still a respectable amount.

Or, if you have put off investing in an IRA until you are 55 years old, that same $2,000 per year at 12 percent will only amount to $35,000 by the age of 65. Now you begin to see how important it is to start planning your financial future as early as possible.

If offered by your employer, you might take advantage of two automatic savings plans: stock option and the credit union. Funds are withdrawn from each paycheck and deposited either for purchase of company stock (which the employer usually matches anywhere from 50 to 100 percent), or in the credit union savings account. This is a painless way to save, and since you budgeted for the net income, it's money that you never counted.

Some additional savings plans include stocks, bonds and funds. Low purchase requirements and brokerage fee discounts mean you don't need a small fortune to start an investment portfolio. Merrill Lynch Client Service Representative Melody Poremski explains that for a minimum of $25, plus a small brokerage fee, you can buy your choice of stock, or parts thereof, through their Sharebuilder Plan. And for just $100, you can now purchase gold, silver and platinum in the same manner.

But how do you reach your objectives if you don't have the time, inclination or financial resources to diversify your investments? The answer may be a professionally managed mutual fund. An initial investment as low as $300 spreads your money over many securities, and you may change the thrust of the investment as your personal

BUDGET TERMS

TAXABLE INCOME: Amount upon which tax computation is made.

TAX LIABILITY: Amount of tax assessed on taxable income.

TAX DEDUCTION: Amount subtracted from gross income which reduces taxable income.

TAX CREDIT: Refundable allowance against tax liability.

TAX SHELTER: Any kind of investment or package of deductions and, or credits which serves to reduce tax liability.

IRA: Individual Retirement Account. Eligibility: if you are currently employed or self-employed and under 70 and a half, you may set up an IRA even if you are participating in another retirement plan. You may contribute 100 percent of your earned income, but not more than $2,000 each year, or $2,250 for yourself and your unemployed spouse.

STOCK: Shares or certificates of ownership in a corporation.

BONDS: An interest-bearing certificate issued by a government or business promising to pay the holder a specified sum, usually higher than a savings account, on a specific date.

MONEY MARKET FUND:A convenient way to invest in a diversified professionally managed portfolio of high quality short-term municipal obligations.

MUTUAL FUND: A medium through which investors, including those with limited capital, could obtain the advantages of broad diversification and continuous professional supervision of investments, primarily in common stocks.

needs and lifestyle changes. One option you have is to begin saving by investing in growth stocks. As your portfolio increases, you can shift (without additional commission fees) some of the stock to a money market fund to capitalize on higher interest rates. A third shift, when you near retirement, allows you to transfer to tax-exempt income funds.

If your goal is added income, as opposed to growth stocks, it's worth your effort to look into bonds. Although the minimum initial outlay is greater, this type of investment could be best for your needs.

A tax deduction or tax credit is another way to save. Let's create a case example of a university professor with a salary of $26,000 per year, plus another $2,800 from freelance writing. He's owned his home for some time and pays approximately $4,800 in interest and taxes. He has about $1,000 miscellaneous deductions. Without major medical bills or debts, this family man of four has an estimated tax liability of $3,150.

But because of his freelance writing, he can reduce his taxes further by setting up an office in his home and take the appropriate deductions for utilities, operating expenses and equity in the house, just to name a few. The dollars realized at tax time can be placed into some kind of savings plan

Also, the self-employed status of the freelance writer makes the professor eligible for a tax deductible Keogh Plan. He may contribute up to 15 percent of his income, but not more than $15,000 a year to his retirement plan. Withdrawals are taxed at ordinary income tax rates when he retires and his income is likely to be lower. He can take the money in installments or in one lump sum which he can average over ten years to reduce his taxes.

Better yet, advises Garay, the professor can take out a loan for $10,000 against the equity in his house at, perhaps, 15 percent interest, then invest it in something that includes growth rates, and yields at least a 16 percent return (to cover the loan interest) with a 50 to 150 percent tax deduction.

For example, the professor could put $6,000 into a tax-sheltered real estate limited partnership and then receive appropriate tax deductions. The remaining $4,000 could be put into another high yield investment.

But perhaps you are a recent graduate without the equity to borrow against. "In that case," offers Garay, "the young person is well advised to start his career--even if it's not where he wants to end up--with a major company offering automatic savings options and benefits, and usually a higher starting salary."

Money you normally put into medical bills and insurance is now covered by company benefits. The stock or credit union savings you accumulate are building your net worth and credit worthiness. In 12 months or so, you may want to apply for a loan from the credit union for, let's say, $2,500. You invest, advised by a tax shelter investor, in a tax-deductible investment with an approximate double return. After repayment of the loan, you reinvest what's left over. Not only has the transaction proven profitable, but it has also built an A-1 credit rating for you.

Be willing to use and take out as much credit as you can handle for investments, always measuring the cost of the investment versus the percentage of return. "But borrow to invest, not for consumption," cautions Garay. Runyon adds that credit is too tempting for many, especially for college students who are bombarded with credit card solicitations after graduation. "Control your credit; don't let it control you!" says Runyon. "I can't emphasize this enough."

While life insurance will not be necessary until you are married, automobile and health coverage is essential to avoid large, unexpected expenses. Also, look into other savings plans through your bank, insurance company, real estate office, and savings and loan. The secret to avoiding financial drudgery is to act now, as you plan for the future.

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Photos By Alton Davis and Monica Almeida

LA's Street Scene

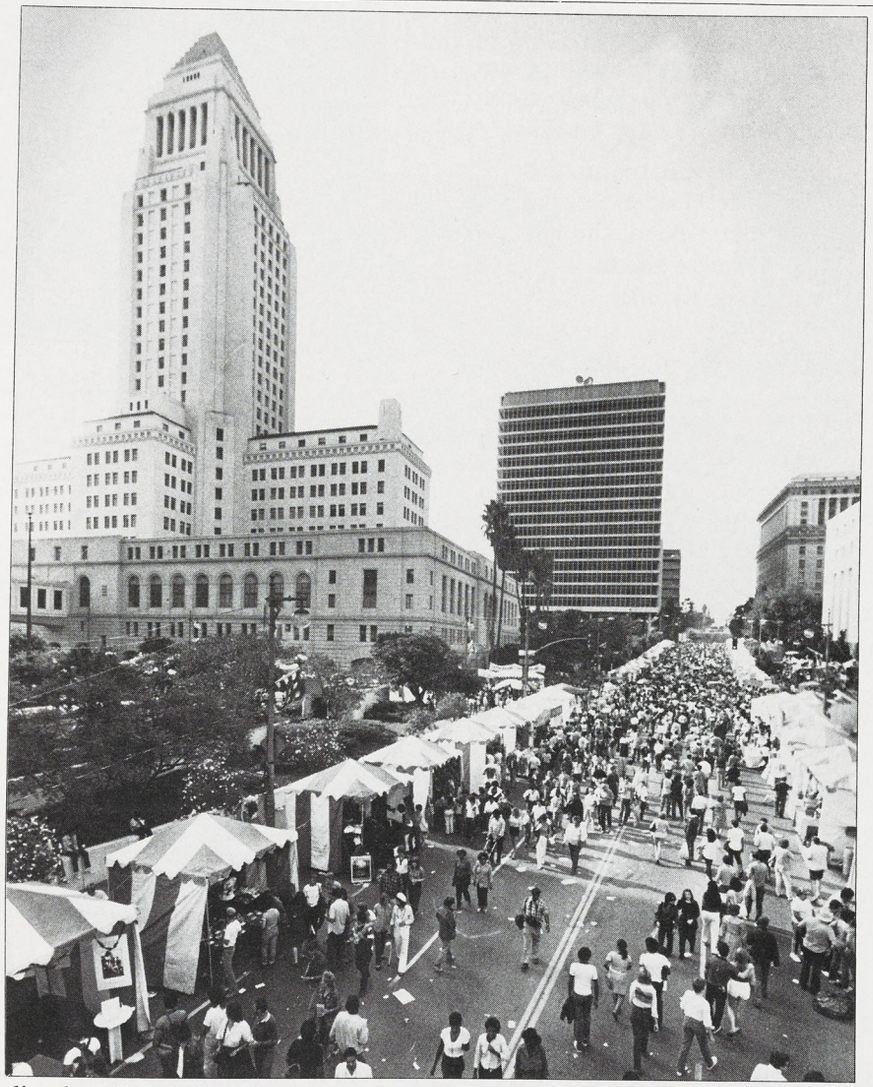
Text By Marilyn Horn

Residents of the grand cities of New York and Boston often scorn Los Angeles--a sprawling megalopolis whose contributions to civilization are the movie star, the sit-com and the Beach Boys.

"Los Angeles culture?" ask blue-blooded Easterners in disdain. "That's as ridiculous a pairing of words as 'jumbo shrimp', 'military intelligence', or 'happily married'."

Too bad they didn't attend the Sixth Annual Los Angeles Street Scene during the weekend of October 8 and 9. They might have changed their minds. In a presentation of the music, dance, food and art of the Southland's many ethnic groups, the festival celebrates Los Angeles' multi-national culture.

Each year, restless Americans flock to Los Angeles to start a new life, meeting others with the same hope--refugees from Latin America, Africa, Eastern Europe, the Middle East and Southeast Asia. Some L.A. natives regard the new arrivals with interest, apathy or resentment, even though their ancestors were once immigrants, too. Foreigners come to L.A. to find the good life: freedom from oppression, a variety of material goods and a wealth of opportunity. Some don't find it and leave. But for those who stay, culture shock usually forces them to settle among their own ethnic group, keeping their traditions largely intact, pure and undefiled by Americana.



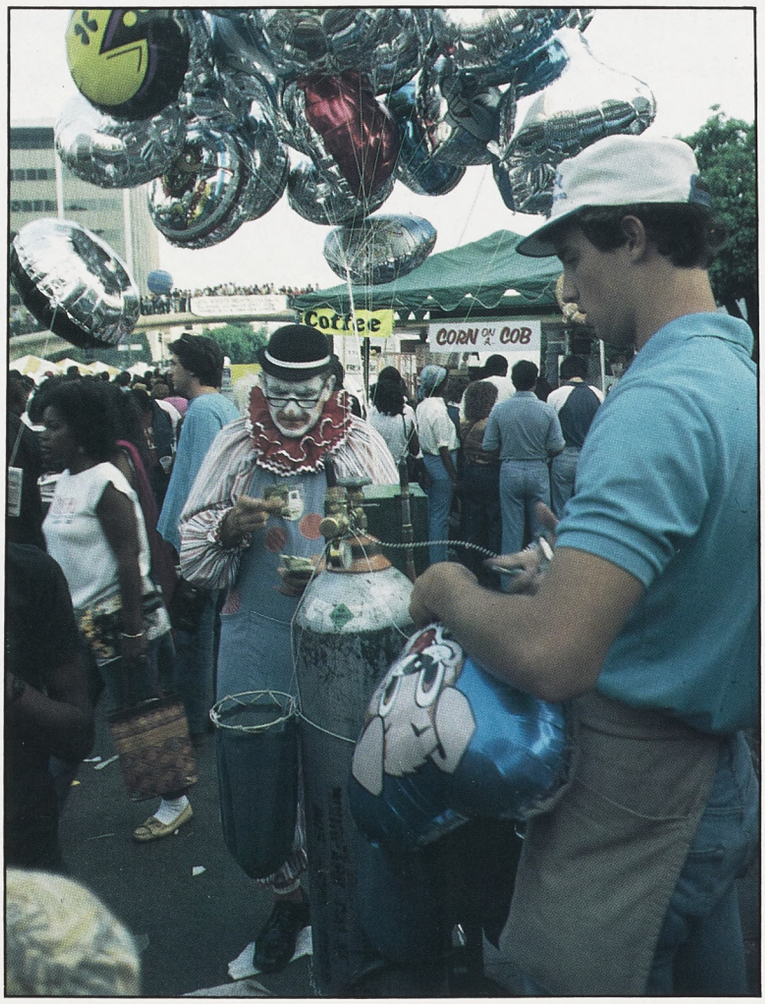
Since 1978, the City of Los Angeles, Schlitz Brewing Company, Camel Cigarettes, Kal-Kan Pet Food and Hebrew National Kosher Foods, Inc. have attempted to dissolve the city's cultural barriers by sponsoring the Street Scene. Throughout the 12-block festival area near City Hall, dark-skinned, black-haired Los Angelinos jostle against their blue-eyed, fair-haired and yellow-skinned, brown-eyed neighbors. The free event gives them a chance to meet and respect their Los Angeles neighbors.

During the October event, festive costumes--kimonos, kilts, sombreros--stood out from those in ordinary attire. Clowns, balloon-sellers and banner-wavers weaved an extra colorful thread throughout

the crowd. On Sunday, the "The Discovery of America" parade marched down Broadway. Upon the 14 stages, over 225 groups performed for the exuberant river of humanity filling the streets.

Music, the universal language, resounded throughout the festival in different accents and forms, ranging from rockabilly to jazz to pop to soul to classical. Three Dog Night played. So did the Scottish Fiddlers of L.A., Jack Mack and the Heart Attack, the Eagle Rock High School Jazz Band, and the Kilgore Ensemble Gospel Singers. The All Stars Blues Band, the Busboys, the Cuba Congos and the L.A. Doctors' Symphony likewise appeared.

Amid the aromatic food stands,



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PHOTOS BY ALTON DAVIS

artists' booths exhibited, in Mayor Bradley's words, "some of the best arts and crafts of the Southern California area." On display were tapestries, ceramics, leather works, jewelry, photography, paintings, rugs and silkscreens. Demetria Crystal, a CSULB student who attended the festival, sees the Street Scene as "an opportunity for minorities to present themselves and their ethnic art." Native American, Latin American, Asian and African crafts took their places alongside North American crafts.

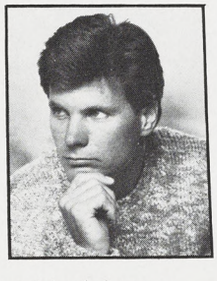
For two days a year, the heart of Los Angeles is jammed with artisans, food vendors, musicians, dancers and onlookers of varying ethnicity. In those few days, the polyfaceted cultural indentity of L.A. emerges, dispelling the "Back East" myth that Los Angeles is a cultural desert, a great big freeway, a place where movie stars immortalize themselves by sticking their hands and feet in wet cement. Many Americans might agree with Frank

Lloyd Wright, who said that the continent is slanted towards L.A. and everything loose falls into it. Has anyone ever said anything nice about Los Angeles?

If Carl Sandburg had preferred Los Angeles to Chicago, he might have written: "Jet-builder for the world, movie-maker, stacker of multi-level parking lots ...." Or something like that. Sandburg, or some contemporary poet, standing on Temple Street during the Street Scene, would have material for a masterpiece: crowds of Asians, Blacks, Caucasians and Latinos surrounding him; flyers, programs, food wrappers, plastic spoons and forks underfoot; the harmony and melody of instruments and dialects in his ears; and the slick high-rises jutting into the hazy yellow sky above.

Probably he couldn't write one poem to capture the diversity of Los Angeles. Overcome by the myriad sights and sounds, he might just shrug his shoulders and say, "It's so...L.A."

debbi de mont
photography



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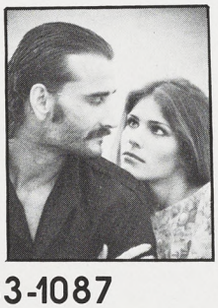

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Yanks in Britain

continued from page 11

minutes, the car started, made a U-turn, then shook, rattled and rolled away.

Two men hauling two cows in a truck stopped for us a half-hour later. Fortunately, we sat with the latter; the cows were on a death track, destined for the slaughterhouse. Immediately, the usual questioning began: where were we going? where were we from? had we been to Disneyland? Tired from four hours of driving and walking, we answered honestly. If we had felt up to it, we would have lied (as we sometimes did) so they wouldn't know we were so horribly middle-class.

Inevitably, the conversation turned to Charles and Diana. The Royal Wedding was three months away and most of Great Britain was preparing for the new arrival into The Family. Pictures of Diana in a new outfit, sitting demurely on the sidelines of a polo match, or of Diana tearfully waving to Charles as he boarded a plane, splashed throughout the national tabloids. Their faces adorned such noble items as coasters, ashtrays and teacups.

Our benefactors represented the sullen section of Britain who regarded the wedding (not to mention the Royal Family) not with national pride but with resentment. "You know who's paying for it, don't you?" asked the driver. He didn't wait for an answer. "We are. Most of our taxes pour right into Buckingham Palace. I just wish the whole bloody thing was over and done with." Lisa and I agreed with him, but not for the same reason. We were just sick of seeing Charles and Diana grinning at us wherever we turned.

They dropped us off in the middle of Edinburgh, near Edinburgh Castle. We walked to the nearest hostel, had supper, then walked back towards the castle, sitting in golden glory above the city.

We entered a pub crawling with low-life and bought a half-pint of cider to share. Our table was near the dart board. We left soon after a player made a rude remark about Lisa's socks. "Who says orange socks don't go with green pants?" Lisa asked me when we were outside. I told her if it weren't for her red shoes, they never would have noticed her socks.

The air was biting cold so we ran. A young man in a cafe doorway stopped us and asked if we wanted a cup of tea. Lisa accepted before I could refuse. "Why flaunt our poorness?" I asked, out of his hearing. Lisa replied that a cup of tea would be nice—let's accept. The three of us went inside the cafe and an awkward conversation ensued. Embarrassed by my hostility and Lisa's thankfulness, the man left as soon as the tea appeared. Luckily for us he paid the bill on his way out. Lisa scolded me, saying my unsocial nature would get me nowhere. I sulked because I knew it was true. We walked to the hostel in silence.

In her sweetest southern voice, Lisa woke me the next morning saying, "Wake up! It's snowing!" Yesterday's clear sky was now steel

continued on next page.

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Yanks in Britain

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gray. We would have stood at the window for hours viewing our snowy situation if we weren't so cold. As it was, we hurriedly got dressed, but we were still cold. The hostel warden took us to the lost and found room, brought out two cardboard boxes full of clothes and told us to take our pick. We searched furiously through the boxes, scratching each other's flesh and pulling clothing from each other's hands like two mad bargain-hunters at a sale. Though we thought it impossible, our attire became even more ridiculous than it had been. We were a walking conglomeration of red, green, gray, yellow and bright orange. "I look worse than you do," Lisa said consolingly, but I didn't believe her. When we went outside to the cold road, I didn't care how I looked; I would have gladly added a few potato sacks to my outfit for the added warmth.

No one stopped for us until we were outside the city. Then a girl our age picked us up. She wasn't too smooth with a stick shift, so we became accustomed to grabbing at the dashboard to settle our jerking stomachs. When she whizzed around a corner, we glued our feet firmly to the floorboard so we wouldn't topple out the door. Lisa and I saw the dip well in advance; our driver did not. Lisa yelled, "Whoa, girl! Steady!" but was too late; we hit the dip going forty kph and knocked our heads on the roof.

"Oops," said the girl. She ground it into low gear and we chugged onward. I wanted to cry but was afraid the tears would freeze on my face.

She dropped us off in a small gray town whose only distinction was a large clock that didn't work. We ducked into a warm bakery which smelled like baking bread and shared a pint of fresh milk and a vegetable pasty. The ladies at the counter were quite concerned about us; they shook their heads and made sweet clucking noises the whole time we were there.

For two hours we waited for our next ride, wondering how anyone could be so cruel as to pass two helpless girls, blue with cold, without offering a lift. I didn't think I could ever be warm again. My skin was in a state of shock.

A young man on his way to Liverpool, with a car almost as warm as his heart, saved us. He was wearing a Bruce Springsteen T-shirt and sounded like Ringo Starr when he spoke. I fell asleep soon after saying hello and dreamt I was back home in Los Angeles, lying on the beach, my skin burning from the powerful sun. When I woke up we were near Kendal. He dropped us two miles out of the city.

Few cars were on the slick road. Three men wearing ties passed by very slowly. One hundred yards up the highway, they changed their minds, put their car in reverse and were again by our side. They were businessmen, dressed in nice suits. When we told them we had come from Edinburgh, they gasped in disbelief and insisted on driving us right up to Kendal's hostel door. The ride was short, we told them, but greatly appreciated.

For dinner we ate oatmeal, but not much; we had to save the rest for breakfast. We sat by the fire as long as we could, until ten o'clock curfew, then went to our cots. Tomorrow night it would all be over. We would be sleeping in a safe dormitory, surrounded by familiar faces. "How boring," I said and yawned. I thought I heard Lisa sigh...but it was only the wind.

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CONRAD

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go on charging that they're bandits or barbarians ... that kind of rhetoric doesn't help anything.

U-M: We also find ourselves on foreign soil, specifically in Lebanon. Do you see us headed into full-scale involvement there?

CONRAD: If it continues, you bet. You see, you've got a problem that, militarily, we cannot win. There's *nothing* to win there. The population is spread between Christians, the Moslems, the Jews, the Shiite Moslems and all the rest. The government was set up about 30 or so years ago by census whereby the presidency would be held by the Christians, while the Moslems hold the speakership of the assembly. Now 30 years back, the Christians were in the majority, and that's the only reason it was decided that way. There hasn't been a census since, so today nobody has any idea who's in the majority. I think that's one thing that the people are fighting about. It looks to me like, hell, if you kill off enough Christians, or enough Moslems, then you might finally get the presidency back. It's bananas. They've got to settle their own differences. But now the PLO is involved and so is Syria.

U-M: So is the Soviet Union.

CONRAD: Yeah, they're supplying. But then we're supplying on the Christian side.

U-M: So what do we have here, an East-West conflict?

CONRAD: In a way. In a way it's the same thing as Vietnam.

U-M: OK, we've talked a great deal about the major issues and animals you've encountered over the years. Now let's talk about the future. Who looks good to you in 1984?

CONRAD: Geesh, I wish anyone did. I'll tell you a ticket that would be absolutely marvelous would be Bill Moyers and Diane Fienstein. Boy oh boy, what a power that would be! Of course, I'm an idealist--it'll never happen.

U-M: Of the declared candidates, with whom do you most identify?

CONRAD: Probably Alan Cranston. Alan would never vote according to how it would affect his campaign. He would vote his conscience, even if it cost him votes. The only problem I have with Alan is on the B-1, but politically he just about has to be for the B-1, which by the time it's built will be as outdated as any bomber ever. But he's got to do it for christssakes! North American Rockwell is one of the biggest employers here in California.

U-M: What about John Glenn? The right stuff?

CONRAD: Geesh...yeah...I really don't know the man. I don't know quite where he stands. I believe every decision he's making now has to do with, "How will it effect me for next year?" Which you really can't blame him for doing, nevertheless....

U-M: So you see him as politically guided then?

CONRAD: Oh absolutely! Absolutely!

U-M: On the Republican side, Ronald Reagan?

CONRAD: I don't think he's gonna run.

U-M: You don't think so? Yet, his people are hedging that way, and he's taken all the steps.

CONRAD: Oh, they can do all the hedging they want. I still don't think he's gonna run.

U-M: If he doesn't run, who do you consider has the best shot for the Repulicans?

CONRAD: Probably Bush. It would either be Bush or Baker. Now George Bush, he's a likable guy, but I have no idea what kind of leader he might make. And Baker, Howard Baker, I could buy that man. I don't think he best represents *them*, but if they were to go with the best to represent *me*, I'd take Baker. Now I wouldn't vote for him, heh-heh, depending on who the Democrats come up with, but I could tolerate him.

U-M: Do you consider the "New Right," Jerry Falwell and company, as still a force?

CONRAD: I don't think so. I think they've absolutely cut their throats.

U-M: Specifically how?

CONRAD: Well, just lately, the nonsense about prayer in school.

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Forget it! The Supreme Court has just ruled against it. But they go on and on with this "We gotta have prayer in school." Then there is the abortion thing. I won't go near it now. I do happen to agree with them, but I won't touch it. They're one issue crazies.... Why should anyone determine who a candidate is solely on one issue? That's nonsense. So I'm leaving abortion alone. I've said what I have to say and that's about it.

U-M: Yet, you're pro-ERA?

CONRAD: Absolutely. Still, the fact that I support the Equal Rights Amendment doesn't mean I have to support abortion...the difficulty for me is that I don't know when life begins. If anybody can tell me for sure, that life begins at birth, fine. Then I'd go along with abortion. But like the President, I don't know when life begins. Of course, he's the sonuvabitch that signed the bill that legalized abortion here in California, since stating he's sorry he signed it. We were the first state.

U-M: Now we've covered a good many subjects that deserve editorial scrutiny, but how does one become an editorial cartoonist?

CONRAD: Get published. Yeah, that's number one. There was one guy, Tony Auth. He had it made. He started out doing medical drawings out at UCLA, and had begun doing sketches and whatnot in his spare time, feeling his way around. One day he dropped in and I saw a lot of promise there. He's now with the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. But he's only one of hundreds of youngsters who show up with their work, thinking, "Boy, I'm set. The first thing I'm gonna to do is a book, and then I'm gonna get syndicated." Well, to hell with all that! That all happens. First you've got to get on a paper and get printed. And somebody has to, I believe, help in advising you whether or not something works. I just say never trust your own judgment. I never have. That's one reason I'm in the office every day, so I can show my roughs around, get advice. That way they can let me know whether or not, going in, the cartoon works. Now a rough takes maybe, oh, 30 seconds? Besides, who wants to waste all that time? I'm always fighting to get the thing done, get it published. Lord, there's so much news that you don't have to look very far for a subject.

U-M: How does Paul Conrad like the fact that he can state his opinion on all that news?

CONRAD: Well, someone has to, right?! God, I can't imagine waking up every morning and *not* stating an opinion. I'd go absolutely *bananas*!

U-M: When will you retire?

CONRAD: When I have nothing left to say. That could be next week, it could be 20 years from now. But when I've nothing left to say, that's it.

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